

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,567

DECEMBER 9, 1899

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

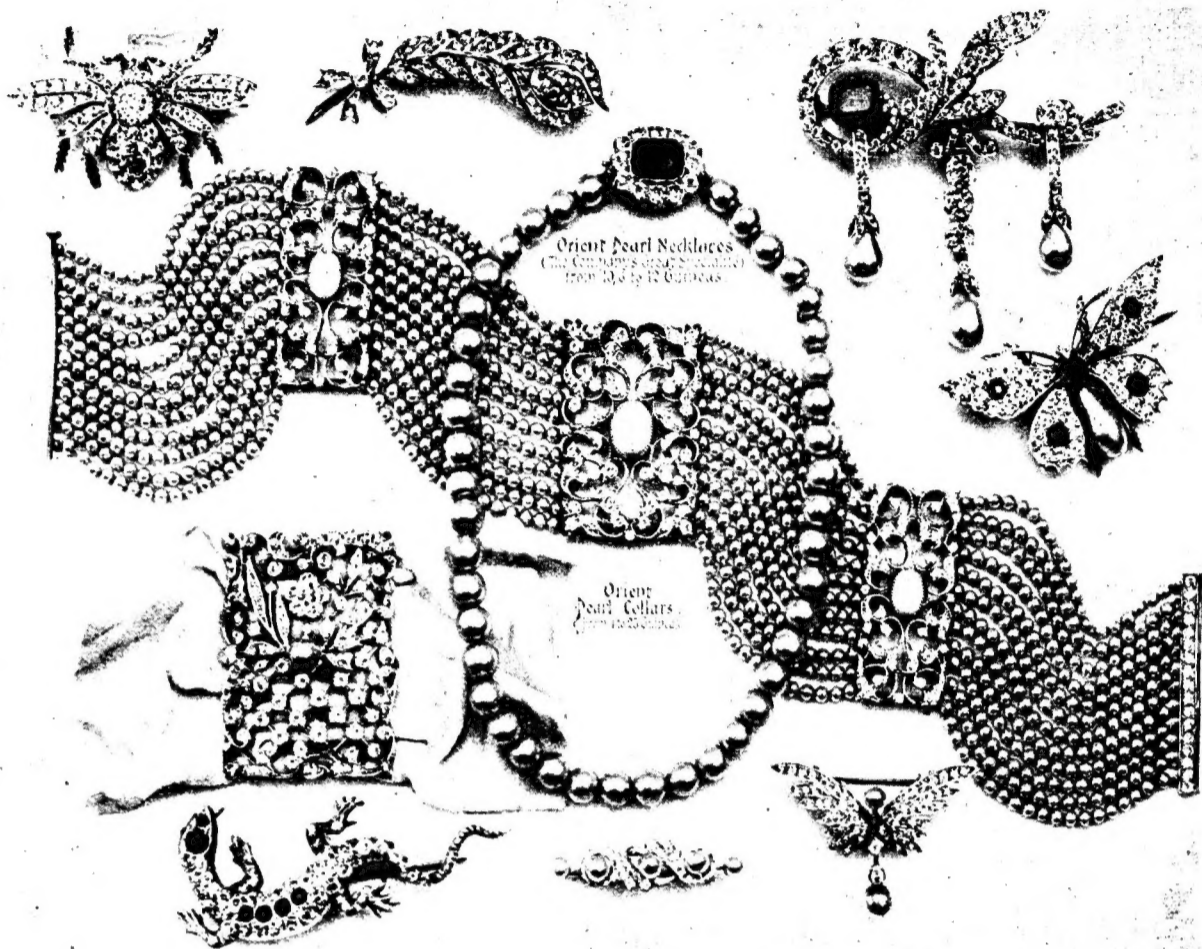
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THE GRAPHIC, DECEMBER 9, 1898

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FORTIFIES, STRENGTHENS,
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days and to work
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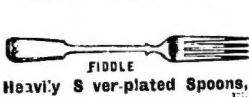
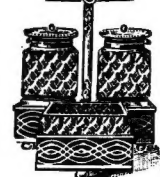
HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

(Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road).

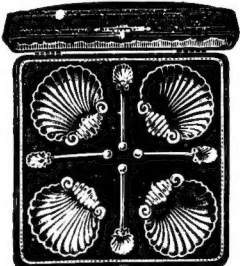
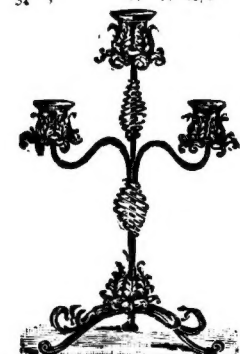
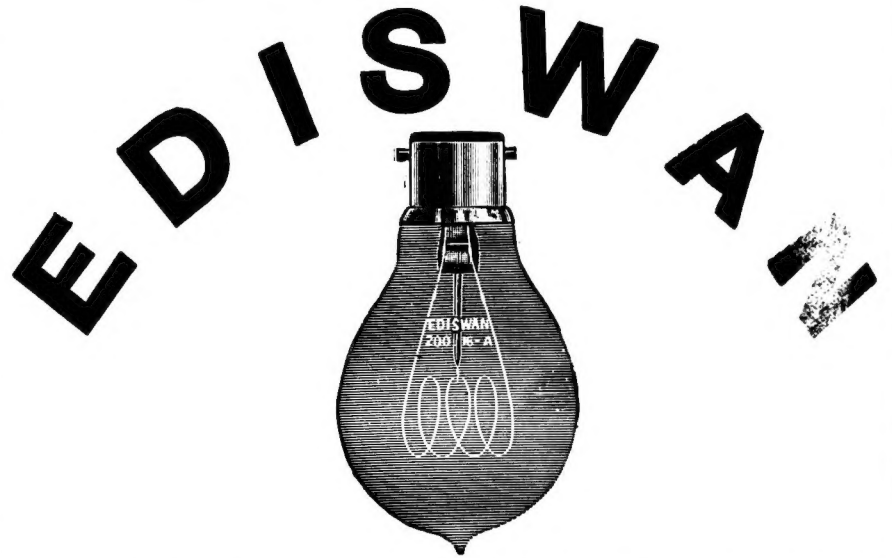
61, GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN; 75, UNION STREET, RYDE;
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Fiddle Pattern only.
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Silver Breakfast Cruet,
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Silver-mounted Tea Pot, Sugar Basin, and
Cream Ewer, in four sizes.

Capacity of Tea Pot:—

1 pint .. 8/11 the set of three pieces.
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Hot Water Jugs and Coffee Pots to match above:
1 pint, 8/6; 1 1/2 pints, 10/6; two pints, 12/9 each.Set of Four Sterling Silver Shell
Salts and Spoons, Gilt inside, in
handsome silk-lined case, complete,
23/6. Set of two do. in case,
12/10. Salt Cellar and Spoon, with-
out case, 4/9 each.Elegant Three-Lit h. Wrought
Iron Candelabra, height 18 in.,
3/11 each. Opalescent Glass
Tubes for fitting into sconces
in lieu of candles, thus making
a pretty flower épergne, &c.
each.**USERS OF THE
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CURRENT and RENEWALS of LAMPS SHOULD
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Pure Concentrated Cocoa is sold only in Tins with G
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THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,567—[X.] EDITION
Registered [X.] DE LUXE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1899 WITH EXTRA EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
"The War" By Post, 9½d]



FROM A SKETCH BY D. MACPHERSON

THE QUEEN drove from Windsor Castle, on Thursday last week, to the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, to inspect the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, and to see the wives and children of some of the men now at the front. After the inspection Her Majesty sympathetically addressed the wives and families of the fifty-eight Grenadiers and Reservists now on service, who were grouped in front of the Royal carriage. The Queen

said how much she felt for them, and hoped that they would have good accounts of their husbands. It was a scene touching in simplicity. In the background were the Grenadiers who had been inspected, and the Queen drove away amid blessings and waving of handkerchiefs from the women, the Guards raising their bearskins on high and cheering loudly.

THE QUEEN AND "THE WOMEN'S TRIBUTE"

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

In a leading article, which appeared in the *Times* on June 14, 1873, the following sentence occurred:—"A profession never reforms itself except under influence of pressure from without." From all accounts, "pressure from without" will not be wanting when Parliament reassembles, for, on all sides, the firm determination is expressed of reorganising not only the War Office and our military system, but most of the Government Departments. Private letters written by officers at the front have begun to be delivered in England, and many of them contain bitter comments on the defects of organisation which have already been detected.

An Irish farmer was erecting a scaffolding round a building. "Why put it round his employer," that white spot will fall down." "No it won't," said the farmer, "it's tied to the brown." "But what is the brown?" "Shure can't yer honour see that it's tied to the white?" If half the accounts which are being repeated in the West End are even approximately correct, there are officials connected with the great spending departments who must be in the habit of arguing as illogically as that Irishman did. They say that the snakes of the doctors are buried in the cemeteries, and will not be discovered until the resurrection. It might be said that the snakes of Government officials are mostly buried in pigeon-holes, and are seldom discovered until a catastrophe occurs.

There are those who imagine that "life is short and dirty," and that there is more evil than good in the world. It is surprising, however, how many excellent qualities are disclosed when an opportunity arises for calling them into play. On every side men, women and children are sacrificing some personal comfort in order to contribute to one or other of the many relief funds which have been established. A well-known wealthy woman was recently heard to exclaim: "What is it to me to draw a cheque? I will deprive myself of some luxury to prove my sympathy with the wives and children of the killed and wounded. I will sell my jewels." Unfortunately, one who was worldly-wise was present, and he replied: "But, my dear lady, your husband would have to replace them!"

The war, should it last so long, and should it be ended as early as is generally anticipated, will greatly affect the British expenditure in connection with the Paris Exhibition. A large number of families must necessarily be plunged into mourning; much money which was destined to be spent on a trip to Paris has been contributed towards charitable purposes connected with the war, and the prospects of increased taxation will all diminish the number of the English visitors to the Exhibition. It is obvious that the irritation caused by the attitude of the majority of Parisian newspapers will also exert a prejudicial influence. Besides, the recklessly violent attacks on Great Britain have aroused an angry feeling amongst the ignorant classes in France, and many timid English men and women will inevitably decide not to run unnecessary risks.

In every club at this moment there is a subscription list for the usual Christmas fund for the servants. Side by side with that should be another appealing for contributions towards the Lord Mayor's fund for the relief of the widows, wives, and children of those who have fallen or have been wounded in action. There are many men who are too indolent to write a cheque and to despatch it to the Mayor's House who would willingly write their name on such a club list. Besides, the spirit of competition is brought into play on such occasions, and Brown makes a point of subscribing more than Jones has and Robinson of contributing more than Brown.

Why should one shilling be added for this year only to the annual subscription at every club in Great Britain in order to provide from that source a substantial contribution towards the Lord Mayor's fund? It is calculated that there are over 250,000 names on the subscription lists of the different British clubs throughout the world. The amount of shillings would be a material addition to the fund, and adding to the burden of the annual subscription. It is obvious that the members would have to sanction the temporary alteration of the rule which fixes the amount of that subscription before it could be legally demanded.

THE GRAPHIC (6d.)

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE GRAPHIC	Edition.	Yearly, including Summer & Autumn Nos.	Half-Yearly, including Summer or Autumn No.	Quarterly, No extras.
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	De Luxe	45 0	22 6	10 4
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	De Luxe	29 8	15 10	9 3
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There is a paper edition printed, the rate for which abroad is 33s. per annum, but the appearance of the illustrations on this paper is so inferior in comparison with the other editions that they are particularly invited to order any of the editions quoted above in preference.

All Applications and Remittances should be sent direct to the Publishers, THE GRAPHIC OFFICE, 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC.—To any part of the United Kingdom, 6d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any part of the World the rate would be 1d. FOR EVERY 2 OZ. (unless otherwise taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies before forwarding.)

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From	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
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EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Shakespeare's Last Weeks. KING JOHN. Last Weeks. MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15. Closed during Week preceding Christmas. Re-opening Boxing Night. Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open from 10 to 10.

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THE GREAT ANNUAL SHOW OF PIGEONS BY THE MIDDLESEX COLUMBIAN SOCIETY will be held on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY NEXT, December 12, 13, and 14. Over 2,000 PIGEONS will be on View, including WAR MESSENGER. No Extra Charge. All Entertainments as Usual.

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Admission One Shilling. Children Sixpence. MARVELLOUS ATTRACTIONS. WONDERFUL SIGHTS. THE WORLD'S GREAT SHOW, 2.10 and 7.20. EARLY VARIETIES, 11.0 a.m. MDLLE. ANTONIO'S GREAT SOMERSAULT. THE FLYING ORTELLOS. AROS SHOT FROM A ROMAN CROSS-BOW. ANNIE LUKER'S GREAT DIVE. ALVANTE'S SLIDE FOR LIFE. 200 ARTISTS, 100 TURNS. All Free. THE WORLD'S GREAT SHOW 2.10 and 7.20. EARLY VARIETIES 11.0 a.m. ALL FREE. Including MDLLE. ANTONIO, the Most Marvellous Lady Gymnast in the World; the Sisters CORINI, Comedienne and Danseuses; the Marvellous FLYING ORTELLOS; the HUMAN ARROW Shot from a Cross-Bow; Jeannette Latour, Ballad Vocalist; the VEZEYS Dog Musicians; Winona, Champion Lady Shot of the World; Willis Comical Conjuror; Lulu and Florrie, Danseuses; HARTLEY, Champion Jumper; ELISE and HENRI in Feats of Strength; CRONOW, Fast and Present Celebrities; Sisters Victoria, Singers and Dancers; the Comical OSTINS. Gymnastic Knockabouts; Louie Agnese, Irish Ballad Vocalist; C. Richmond, Patriotic Song, "Floats the Union Jack"; CLARKE and CLEMENT Eccentric Comedians; ANNIE LUKER'S Dive from the Roof; the Sisters JEANE, Burlesque Singers and Dancers; ALVANTE'S Sensational Slide from Roof to Stage; the Sisters Mayne, Singers and Dancers; M. and Madame TREWAR, Jugglers, Har Spinners, &c.; the MOBILE COLOURED TROUPE, in Sketch "Where's the Policeman?" Musical Miller, Harpist, &c.; Will Judge, Clog Dancer; Leona Staden, Solo and Dancer; and a host of others. All Free in the WORLD'S GREAT SHOW, 2.10 and 7.20. EARLY VARIETIES, 11.0 a.m. 13 hours' continuous Entertainment for One Shilling. Children 6d. SEE the GREAT PRIZE FIGHT at 4.0 and 9.0, SHARKEY v. MCCOY. See the GRAND SWIMMING ENTERTAINMENT at 5.0 and 10.0. The United CHINESE TWINS, joined together for life. They can only be seen for a few days. KRAO, HALF WOMAN—HALF MONKEY, can be seen all day. COMING.—The JEFFRIES v. SHARKEY FIGHT. NOTICE.—THE GAS AND ALLIED TRADES EXHIBITION opens December 21.

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Which will be found in this week's number of *The Golden Penny*, is an ingenious Game (invented by "Sphinx") which anybody can play. Much amusement may be had from this Duel of Artillery, in which the Boer is pitted against the Briton.

"THE WAR ILLUSTRATED"

Is the title under which appear Eight Pages of Pictures from Special Artists and Photographers at the Front.

HEROES OF THE WAR.

STORIES OF PERSONAL BRAVERY.

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THE MUSCLES THAT FIGHTS THE BOERS.

How Tommy Atkins is Trained to be a Strong Man.

NOTED FOOTBALL CLUBS.

LVI.—Glossop.

HOW WE THUR OUR SICK AND WOUNDED IN BATTLE.



THE POLICE KOPJE, WITH PART OF THE CAMP BELOW



PART OF THE POLICE KOPJE FORTIFIED



A 12½-POUNDER ON THE TOP OF POLICE KOPJE

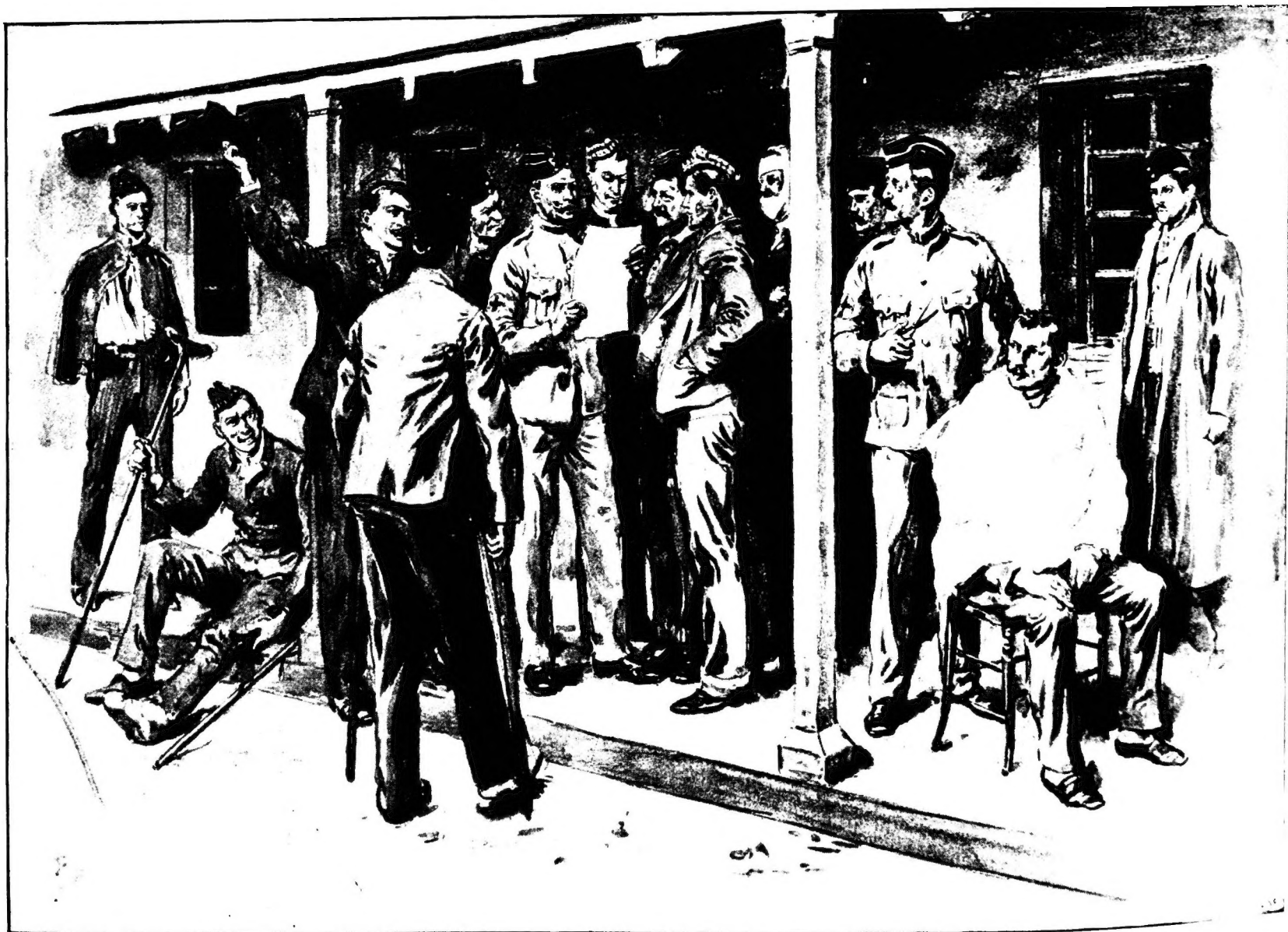


PART OF THE CAMP AND HOSPITAL ON THE SHASHI RIVER

Tuli is situated in Matabeleland, a few miles from the Transvaal border. It is 340 miles from Pretoria, and was selected as a strategic position by the Pioneers of 1890. On a kopje, called the Police Kopje, is a position fortified and held by the British South Africa Police. The camp is on the banks of the Shashi River. The gun

shown in central picture is fellow to that which was captured by the Boers in the Jagersfontein Raid, and rendered us at Ladysmith the other day. This gun might also have been lost in the Raid if it had not fallen from a coach on the way down country. Our photographs are by Lieutenant Spain

TULI, IN RHODESIA, WHERE COLONEL PLUMER HAS HELD HIS OWN AGAINST THE BOERS

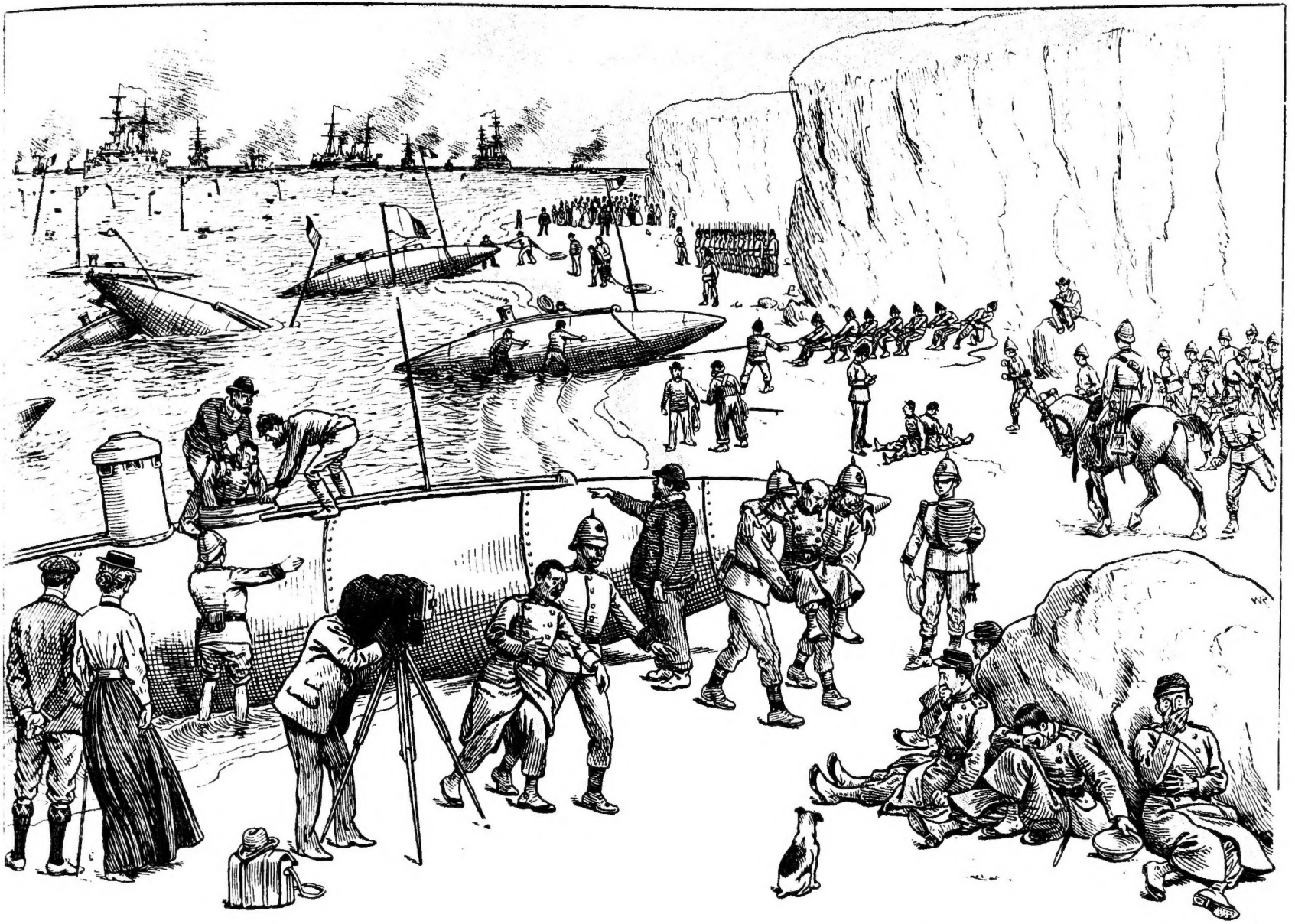


DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY ...

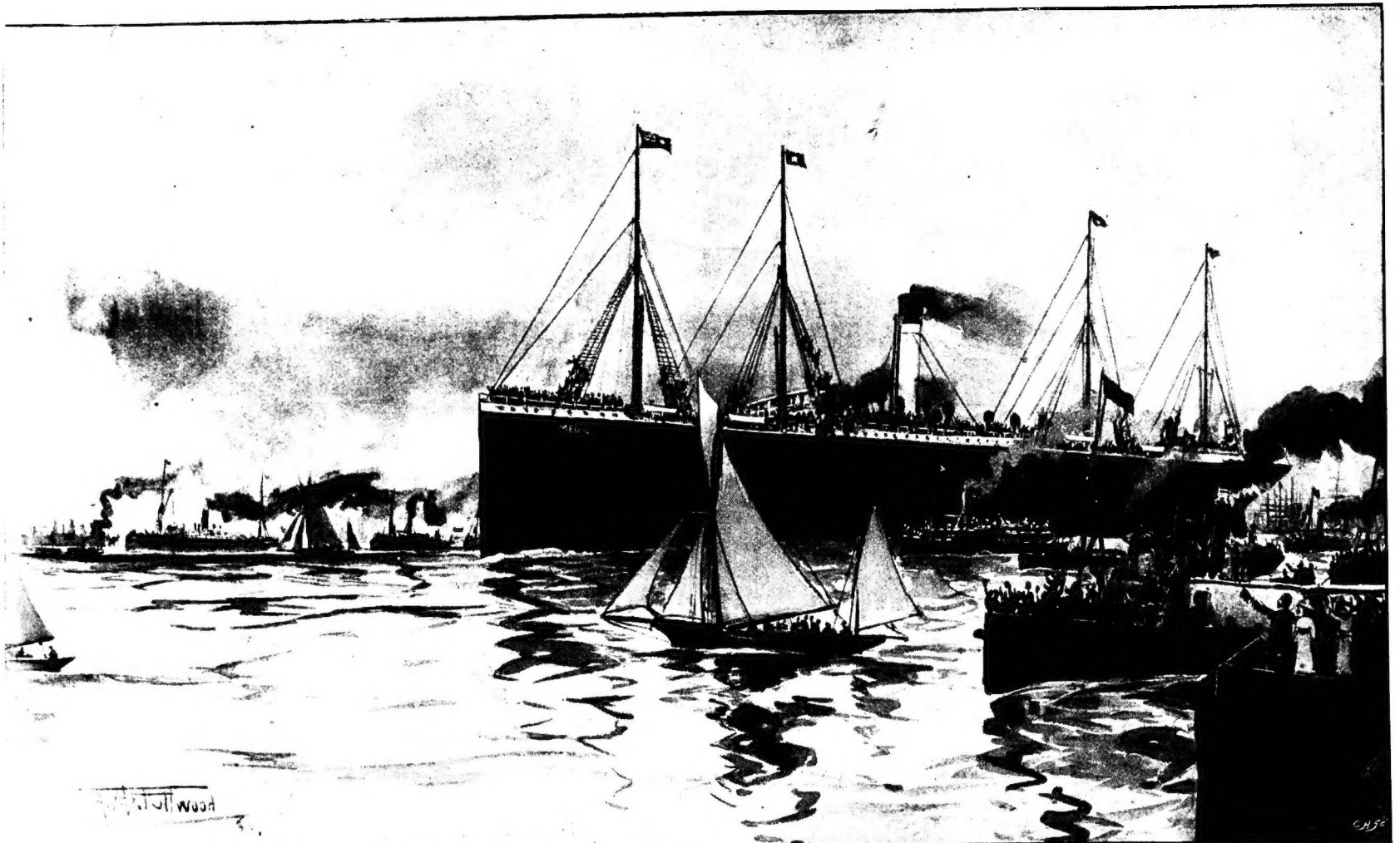
READING OUT THE NEWS OF A BOER REVERSE AT LADYSMITH

GOOD NEWS FROM THE FRONT: A SCENE AT THE HOSPITAL AT WYNBERG



The *Echo de Paris*, the other day, urged the construction of 100 submarine vessels, which would be sufficient, it considered, to keep the Channel open and permit of the landing of troops on the English coast. The writer did not anticipate that these vessels would reach our shores in the manner depicted by our Artist, but that is only a matter of opinion, and we cannot expect our neighbours across the Channel to look at things quite as we do

THE NEXT GREAT WAR: AN ARTIST'S FORECAST OF THE INVASION OF ENGLAND
DRAWN BY W. RALSTON



The Victorian contingent, consisting of 125 mounted rifles and 125 infantry, together with eighty men, marched through the principal streets of Melbourne on October 28, accompanied by 400 Regulars and Volunteers and several military bands. The houses were decorated with flags, and the passage of the troops through the city was witnessed by an immense concourse of people, who displayed great enthusiasm. The contingent subsequently entrained for the place of embarkation, where they went on board the *Medic*, which sailed in the afternoon. The vessel called at Adelaide for 125 South Australian Infantry and at Albany for the same number of West Australians

FOR QUEEN AND EMPIRE: DEPARTURE OF PART OF THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA FROM MELBOURNE
FROM A SKETCH BY A. HENRY FULLWOOD



H.M.S. *Philomel*

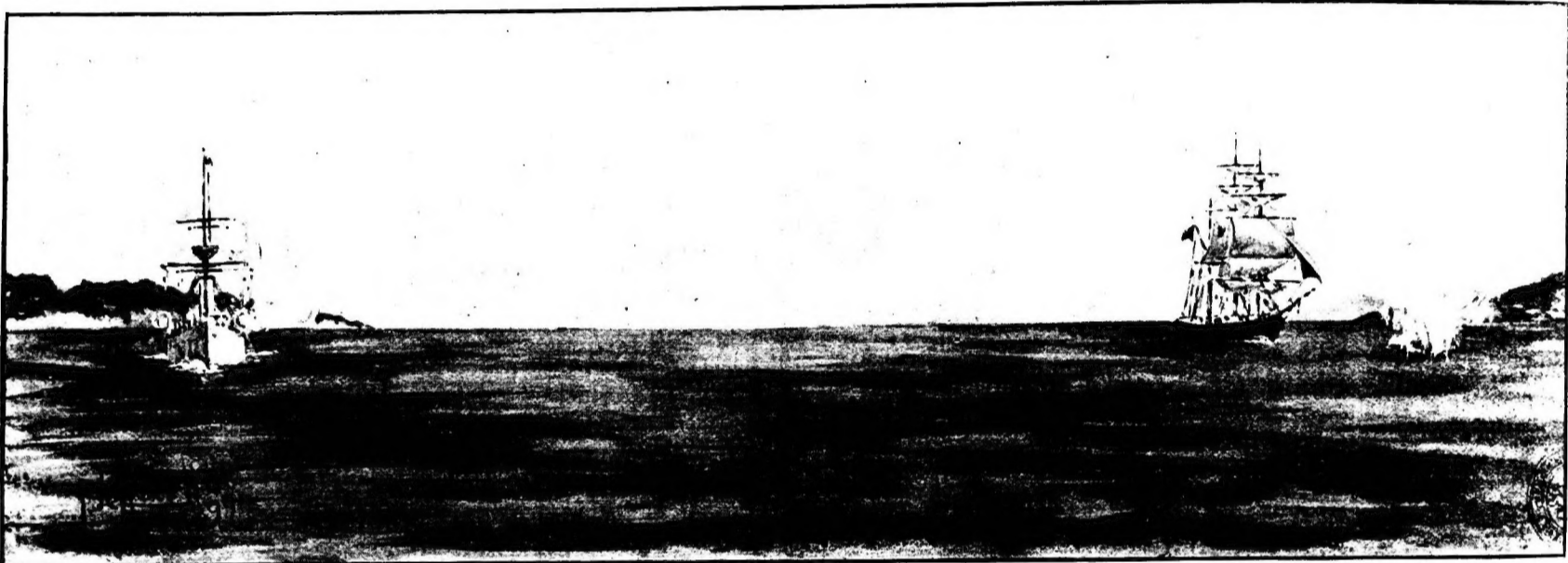
H.M.S. *Wilgeon*

H.M.S. *Magicienne*

A correspondent in Delagoa Bay writes:—"We are practically cut off from everywhere here, and the *Philomel*, *Wilgeon* and *Magicienne* watch day and night to see that nothing in the way of arms, ammunition, or foodstuffs come into the harbour for the Transvaal. The vessels lie just outside the three-mile radius,

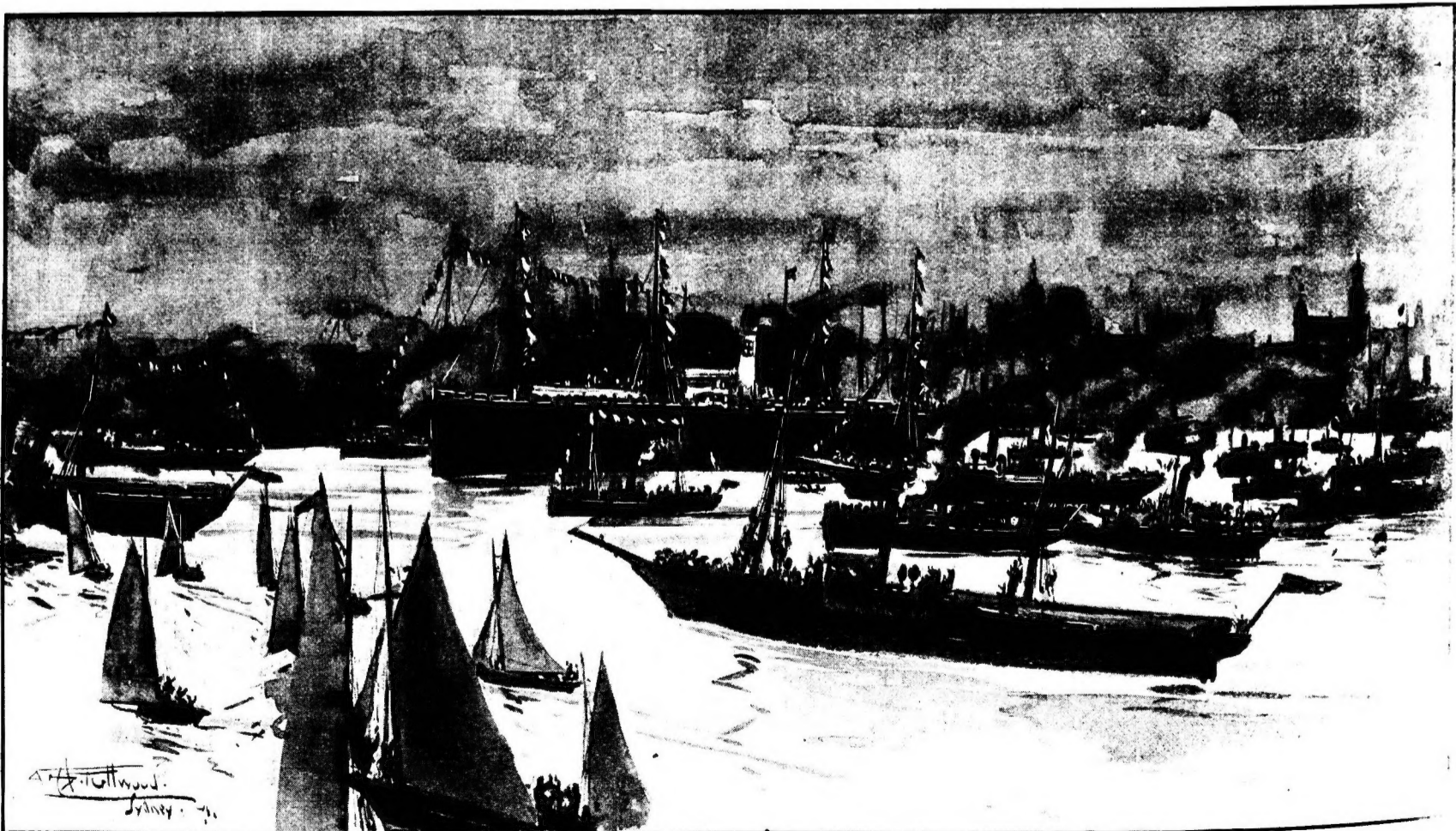
and examine the manifest of each ship that arrives in the bay." Our illustration is from a sketch by F. Jeffery Hill

BRITISH WARSHIPS LYING OUTSIDE DELAGOA BAY TO INTERCEPT SUPPLIES FOR THE TRANSVAAL



On Oct. 31 H.M.S. *Philomel*, lying in the outer channel, signalled a Norwegian barque to "heave too." The barque took no notice, so the *Philomel* fired two b'ank charges, and those not having the desired effect, she fired a shell across the barque's bow and another through her mainsail. Our illustration is from a sketch by F. Jeffery Hill

AN ANGRY SHOT FROM H.M.S. "PHILOMEL" IN DELAGOA BAY



The steamship *Kent* sailed from Sydney on October 28 with the first portion of the New South Wales contingent for South Africa, consisting of three officers and thirty-seven men of the Lancers, six officers and eighty men of the Medical Corps, four special service officers, and 189 horses. The troops were escorted to

the wharf by the entire Defence Force. Cheering crowds lined the streets despite pouring rain, and the utmost enthusiasm was manifested

FOR QUEEN AND EMPIRE: THE FIRST PORTION OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES CONTINGENT LEAVING SYDNEY FOR THE CAPE



"Am I Winefred Holwood, or am I Winefred Marley? Father, answer me that." He was turned half round and was blowing at his finger-tips as though playing on pan-pipes. She waited, and then repeated her question in a peremptory tone. "Really, my dear, you take me aback. I was unprepared. This is wholly, entirely unexpected."

WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOLWOOD OR MARLEY?

"Sylvana, I wish you particularly to look at this tureen. Is it not?"

"Trifling, but surely very costly."

"Costly, my dear, as it is plated, but not so costly as it would be in silver. Happily, at a dinner party the guests cannot see the plate mark, as they can forks and spoons. In our house we must possess a handsome soup tureen."

"Have done without one of metal hitherto. Why buy one now?"

"I have engaged a butler," said Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, "I must have a suitable tureen."

"Mother?"

"Yes, my dear, we shall be constrained to give dinner parties. We have given nothing above high teas hitherto."

"With a butler, dear?"

"With that adjunct."

"Must give dinner parties, and giving dinner parties must have a silver soup tureen on the table."

"An explosion of gentility!" exclaimed Sylvana.

"Hitherto we have not been in a position to buy a silver tureen."

"Now it is somewhat different."

"Because we have a paying pupil whom you can trot out. Is she to be with us? Perhaps a month, perhaps may be back to us at all, and then away flies this butler with the tureen under his arm, and the last state of the Tomkin-Joneses is worse than the first."

"Dear, don't be profane."

"I am stating a fact. But how do you know that the girl Winefred is a fit person for you to patronise?" asked Miss Jones, with a malicious intonation in her voice.

"She is related to the Finnborough family."

"Have the Finnboroughs acknowledged her?"

"They are not in Bath at present. When they learn how greatly admired she is and how much she is talked about —"

"Because of her dialect."

"No, Sylvana, because of her beauty. How can you be so disagreeable?"

"Mother, send back the tureen as not suited and cancel your engagement to the butler."

"Sylvana! how offensively you put things. I am not engaged to any butler. It is the butler who is engaged by me."

"Well, rid yourself of both."

"I cannot; I have bought the plated tureen."

"And the butler, bought also."

"Engaged, as I said."

"Then you are throwing away money that we can ill afford. When young Maskell came of age his father had a blaze of fireworks, and afterwards informed the youth he had nothing to give him and nothing to leave him; his inheritance was debts."

"There is no analogy in the cases."

"You want to blaze out, mother, before you know that with any self-respect you cannot keep Winefred in the house."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed, yes. I have received some information. I have an old school friend at Axminster, and I have inquired of her about the Holwoods."

"Axminster is not Axmouth."

"It is on the same river."

"So are Pangbourne and Tilbury. You do not inquire at one place relative to persons at the other. Besides, I will trouble you to mind your own business and not be so officious as to inquire into things that in no way concern you."

"They do concern me, mamma. We have—or rather have not—this girl in the house, and she is involving you in soup tureens and butlers."

"I want to know nothing of what you have been inquiring after."

"Of course you do not. After having spent something like ten or a dozen pounds on a tureen. But I will tell you, nevertheless. My friend says that there are no persons of the name of Holwood, that anyone knows, in the county, and the name is not in the 'Court Directory.' As to their country seat, it resolves itself into a castle in Spain."

"Mrs. Jose told me that they lived at the Undercliff."

"There is no gentleman's seat so called. I further inquired——"

"I did not expect to hear no more."

"I further inquired," pursued the relentless Sylvana, "about a person of the name of Marley."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Mrs. Tomkin-Jones; "how should anyone know about Mrs. Marley. She was a common menial, a nurse, nothing more."

"There is no knowing what one may learn by mentioning names."

"Of course you heard nothing of her?"

"I did not expect to hear from my friend at Axminster, but she has a friend married at Seaton, and she will write to her."

"I insist on your desisting from this sort of thing," said the doctor's widow. "We were dropping out of consideration in Bath because we did not entertain."

"And, mamma, you are leaping——"

"Leaping, Sylvana, be decent; I never leap."

"Leaping into notoriety, mother, if you choose to patronise a young woman of equivocal origin."

"My dear," said Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, "you entirely forget who I am."

"Not at all. It is because you are a Tomkin-Jones that I am constrained to look after you. There was a peacock at Bedford that got into the lodge and spread its tail before the kitchen fire, and it blazed like a Catherine wheel. The funny thing is that all that summer the peacock continued to bristle up and spread the bare and charred stumps, wholly unconscious that it was making itself ridiculous. Take care, mother, that you have feathers before you make a spread."

"You forget what is due to me," said the widow, angrily.

"I am solicitous for you. Have you ever asked Winefred, or her father, what was her mother's maiden name?"

"No."

"But I have."

"My dear!"

"I asked Winefred, and she flared up and refused an answer. I next asked Mr. Holwood, and he became so nervous and bewildered as to be speechless. That tells its own tale—it does not look nice."

"How can you, Sylvana? What an improper mind you possess. Besides—such questions—most reprehensible."

"This must be searched to the bottom."

"But—but!" gasped Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, "consider the tureen!"

"You cannot afford to know the truth," pursued Sylvana, "because you have bought a soup tureen and hired a butler. So, to preserve both, you thrust your head into a bush."

Then Jesse, who had been seated in the window engaged in domestic needlework, darning a kitchen tablecloth that a stupid maid had cut through when slicing bread—and had been unnoticed by her mother and sister, as taking no part in the conversation—now started from her chair, threw down the tablecloth and, coming forward, laid her thimble-shod finger on the round rosewood table, and said:

"What does it matter to any of us who was Winefred's mother, and whence she came, and what was her maiden name? Winefred is sent to us, not that we may pick holes in her pedigree, but patch up gaps in her education. What does society care about her mother? Not a rush. It is solely those who are disappointed and soured who go about with the muck-rake scraping in the gutters for dirty, inconsidered and castaway trifles, and rejoice in the foulest find the fork brings up. Society does not ask these questions, does not care about the mothers of those whom it admires. Society does recognise in Winefred a wholesome mind, a fresh nature, and a sound heart. These are things not brought to the surface by the muck-rake. Society recognises her good qualities and respects her, regardless of father or mother, for her own sake."

"Oh, yes!" sneered Sylvana, "you fight her battles because she has promised you a new gown and bonnet."

"I fight the battles of anyone who is an object of envy and spite to the gutter-scrappers."

At that moment the front door-door bell was rung, and a knock followed.

"Quick—quick, Jesse!" exclaimed her mother. "Put that dreadful tablecloth under the sofa. It ought never to have been brought in here."

"Sylvana, hide the tureen, and for mercy's sake, Jesse, take off your thimble, slip it into your pocket, and pretend you were reading Rogers on the Imagination."

In another minute the door was opened and Mr. Holwood entered, accompanied by his daughter.

After the first salutations, always made with the most laboured politeness by him, and responded to with formal courtesy by Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, as though they were practising a figure under the supervision of a dancing master, Winefred said: "I went first of all to my father's lodgings to see him, and I have brought him on here."

"You have certainly tumbled upon us quite unexpectedly," said Sylvana. "I must confess that in Bath we are accustomed to send a letter beforehand to notify our coming. But customs differ in different latitudes. That may not be usual at Axmouth which is *de rigueur* at Bath."

"Sylvana, be silent," ordered Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, with a frown at her eldest daughter; then with a face wreathed in smiles she said to Winefred, "My dear, delighted to see you. At all times you are welcome."

"I am sorry if I have acted wrongly," said the girl. "When I left, I said that I would return in a fortnight. I have not exceeded my time. I have brought the choughs; they are in the passage."

"In the hall," was Mrs. Tomkin-Jones's correction. "How good of you, and how gratified the Square will be at our contribution to the Gardens. It will be noticed in the *Bath Gazette*."

"I hope the ancestral mansion is looking its best," said Sylvana, who stood by the fireplace playing with the spills on the mantelpiece.

"I do not understand your meaning," answered Winefred, looking fixedly in her face.

Jesse drew to her side. She saw that a crisis approached.

"And the venerable fossil—in good repair, I trust."

"What or whom do you mean by that term, venerable fossil?" asked Winefred quietly but firmly.

Sylvana, trifling with the spills, threw out some from the vase that had contained them. These she leisurely collected to return them to the same receptacle. A provoking smile was on her face, but she made no answer.

"I asked you a question, Miss Jones. Whom did you mean when you spoke of a venerable fossil?"

"Oh! you and Mr. Holwood know best," sneered Sylvana, turning her head about to contemplate the "Flight into Egypt."

"If you refer to my mother, she is well."

Mr. Holwood gasped and felt back.

"Oh! your mother—I thought her name was Marley. I beg pardon for my mistake."

A long silence ensued.

Mrs. Tomkin-Jones endeavoured by looks and signals to silence her daughter. Jesse took Winefred's arm. Sylvana continued playing with the spills with the same exasperating smile on her lips.

Winefred was composed. She answered, "My father can give you the best reply as to her name."

Mr. Holwood shook like an aspen leaf, and turned about as though he sought the door by which to run away.

"My name is the same as hers," said Winefred. "I will bear that of Holwood only if I have a right to do so."

She waited. No word came from her father.

"I am glad of this opportunity having arisen at once," said the girl. "I returned to Bath with full intent to have everything cleared up. On descending from the coach, I went direct to my father. I have brought him here that misunderstandings might at once be got rid of. I wish everything to be open and plain before those who have so kindly received me."

Jesse pressed her arm.

"I hate everything that is not true and above board. I have been unhappy here hitherto, through no lack of kindness or consideration on the part of Mrs. Tomkin-Jones and of you, Jesse, but because I was in a false position. I myself did not know, I do not know now, how I stand. Am I Winefred Holwood, or am I Winefred Marley? Father, answer me that."

He was turned half round and was blowing at his finger-tips as though playing on pan-pipes.

She waited, and then repeated her question in a peremptory tone.

"Really, my dear, you take me aback. I was unprepared. This is wholly, entirely unexpected."

"It is but a plain answer that I ask for as to facts," said Winefred. "I will accept whichever name you say. But, remember this, father, I will no longer—no, not for a day—suffer my poor mother to be thrust out of all consideration and called my nurse. Anyhow, after what has occurred, I shall return to her again, be she Marley or Holwood. My mother she is, and dear, past words to say, she has always been, is, and ever will be to me. Father, if you desire to have me here at any time with you, and if you value a daughter's love, you will seek and find me in my mother's arms; whether that mother be Marley or Holwood by name—she is mother to me. Now, which is it?"

He was groping in his waistcoat pocket, then in the tails of his bottle-green coat. He turned round and round again, like a parrot on a perch, but with none of the coolness, the audacity of a parrot.

"Very well—I go back to Axmouth at once," said the girl.

"Oh, Winefred!"—he remained stationary for a moment—"do not leave me! You do not know all. I cannot explain everything at once. There are a deal of things belong to all things."

"Father, I must know what is my real name. Is it Marley, or is it Holwood?"

"Oh, do not worry and distract me. I am very ill. The doctors say that they cannot cure me—it may be long—it may be short—"

"I am indeed sorry to leave you, dear father. But you know where at all times I may be found—with my mother."

Again the feeble man began twisting about.

"Come," said Jesse. She let go her hold of Winefred, and caught the father, gripping both his arms and holding him fast so that he could no more revolve. "Come, Mr. Holwood, I will shake you. Positively I will shake you to bits unless you answer Winefred. Now—" She had him by the shoulders.

"Oh, don't, I cannot bear it."

"Which is it?" with an initial, premonitory shake. "I will shake your wig off."

"Oh! don't, I am in poor health."

"Which is it, Marley or Holwood?"

"My teeth, my teeth!"

"I will shake them out of your head. Which is it?"

"She is my—my daughter."

"And the mother—speak plainly—what is she?"

She shook him again. He gasped. Put his hand to his cravat.

"My—my wife—really, really—my lawful wife."

"Then," said Jesse, letting go her clutch, "Winefred is rightly named. She is Miss Holwood."

"Sir," said Mrs. Tomkin-Jones with great stateliness, rising, rustling, and curtsying, "under the painful circumstances, as your daughter says that she intends to leave at once, bear in mind that I have not received a notice of any sort—I am quite ashamed to seem mercenary—and positively I know nothing about money and business and all that sort of thing—but I have been drawn into numerous expenses to make all ready to accommodate your daughter. And I regret to say that I expect—"

"The soup tureen to be paid for," threw in Sylvana.

"Certainly! certainly!" said the trembling man, "anything, only do not retain me longer. I am very unwell, and my cravat is—is all on one side. I confess everything. Jane is my wife, and Winefred is my daughter. So they both have a right to my name."

CHAPTER XLVI.

OVER A TEA-TABLE

WINEFRED accompanied her father to his lodgings. These were comfortable and well-situated, spacious and elegantly furnished; clearly not chosen with a view to economy.

He bowed and made her enter, with old-fashioned courtesy, and then ordered tea.

A certain amount of constraint existed between them, and yet he had lost much of his timidity of manner since he had been forced to avow the nature of his relation to Jane. The Rubicon was past. He had dismissed his ships.

It may, however, be questioned whether even when shaken to the undoing of his cravat and the loosening of his teeth he would have made the admission but for two considerations.

In the first place, he had become warmly attached to his daughter, of whom, moreover, he was vastly proud, so that he had felt the deprivation when she had gone back to Axmouth; and secondly, he was aware that he was afflicted with an incurable complaint, and the thought of dying in solitude without a loving hand to smooth his pillow filled him with dismay.

During the absence of Winefred he had thought much of this.

"Miss Jesse was wrong," said he, "in her allusion to my head of hair. I do not wear a wig. I have my hair dressed by a French barber before I leave the house, but it is my own hair. You may pull a lock if you doubt my word. I am positively not so old as some persons are disposed to make me. I may look a little aged—of late. I have had a trying life; and recent troubles of mind

—relative to what the doctors have told me—have had their effect on me. May I ask you to favour me by pouring out the tea?"

Presently he said, "I like crumpets. They crunch like hard biscuits, but have no deleterious effect on the teeth."

"Are you fond of hard biscuits, father?"

"Of Abernethy's I have always been fond. I even enjoyed a ship-biscuit once, when the world was young, and when—I mean I first knew your mother." He sighed deeply.

"Were you thinking of her, papa?"

"To be honest, of Abernethy biscuits. I did relish them. I shall never eat one again."

"Why not?"

"Because my teeth are gone. I have at least some that are not my own. Miss Jesse would have shaken them into my mouth, on to my tongue—had I not spoken. That, you see, would have been humiliating."

"Father, you said something about being ill."

"Yes, I am ill, but not very. That is to say I am threatened, but do not suffer seriously at present. I do not like to think about it, still less to speak of it—but to you it is another matter. You must know about it. When I came here I had some hopes. But the doctors afford me none. I let the subject drop. I have enough of that when alone, and at night. Then it haunts me and will not let me rest. During the day, and with company, I shake it off. I like crumpets. When I hear the crumpets crackle it calms me back to the time when I ate Abernethy's and had no false teeth."

"Tell me about your marriage with my mother," said Winefred, desirous of drawing him from crumpets and Abernethy's to matters of more enduring interest. "Father, how was it that she did not take your name?"

"Well, well, my dear, the story is painful, but it must come out now. The facts were these. We were married privately by a rogue of a parson at St. Pancras church at Rousdon. It is absurd, but it had a rector, who lived in Lyme, and did no duty, as there were no parishioners. I do not think he was unfrocked. It would have been hardly worth the bishop's while to do that, you see, as he did no duty, and there was no roof on the church. For my sake, and at my request, the marriage was kept secret. When you get your mother was a beautiful woman; you remind me of her greatly. In fact you get your good looks from her."

"But, father, why were you—?"

"I know what you would say. Why were we separated? You see the marriage was not known, and I was given a place in the Foreign Office, and as every one supposed that I was calculated by character and capacities to get advancement in it I began to see that my marriage presented serious difficulties."

He began to fumble with the teaspoon at his tongue, and spoke accordingly indistinctly.

"I mean this—that I feared it might prevent my preferment, and then again it would alienate all my family from me. I had an aunt who was wealthy, and she doted on me; but she was ambitious, and would not have forgiven me. So I got your mother to keep our marriage dark, and then—then—"

"Then you were appointed Governor-General of Terra del Fuego."

"No—come—no. That was not really the case. I believe poor Jane—I mean your mother was led to think I had gone abroad, lest she should come to town after me and make scenes. She had a violent temper."

"So you parted with my mother for the sake of your prospects with an aunt and for preferment in the Foreign Office?"

"I would not put it quite in that way. Of course they could not turn me out because I had married your mother, but they would have seen that she was not wholly qualified to shine in a Foreign Embassy. You see she could speak neither French nor Chinese. You comprehend—it would have caused difficulties, embarrassments."

"But did you get an Embassy?"

"No, no; I remained in the office."

"Then you threw her over for nothing!"

"No; not quite that. My aunt died a year ago at an advanced age, and has left me very comfortably provided for. I have applied for a pension, and am really in easy circumstances at present—now, just at the time when—" He shivered, and his weak mouth fell. "It is too tragic to contemplate. I did hope that the Bath waters might have expelled the poison from my veins, but my disorder remains unarrested. It may be rapid in its course, and my dissolution may be near, or it may be slow. I do not tell. The doctors give me very little hope, in fact, to be candid, mine at all. Oh, Winefred, you will nurse me through it?"

"Yes, father, and so will mother."

"But she hates me. She can never forgive me—after all she is a violent woman. She frightened me years ago. I did enough ways and strong tempers. I always did at the time when I was young and strong. Now I cannot endure the least rough touch."

"She is not rough, she is vastly tender. But her spiteful heart has had its beatings stayed, and her ideas have become chastised about."

"Ah, yes—she is a passionate woman."

"She loves passionately, but has had her heart wounded and bruised."

"Yes, I suppose she has suffered—so have I."

"She has suffered, therefore she can have compassion."

He remained silent, and shook his head dubiously.

"Tell me about yourself," he said at last. "No doubt you had undergone stormy scenes with Jane that had frightened her, and left on him an impression that could not be eradicated."

"What shall I tell you?" asked Winefred.

"About your youth, and where you lived, and how?"

"We got along, mother and I, as best we could, she collecting tapes and needles, and I—collecting pebbles."

"There was really no necessity for that."

"We must live. We had a cottage on the cliffs, but it was so pieces as the cliff cracked and made a chasm. So we were obliged to leave it, and then we had a very bad time, for no one would take us in."

"You should have gone into lodgings. Your mother had means."

"Hardly any. One may earn a few pence by the sale of old boots and laces, thread and needles, but not much. And I was too proud if I got ninepence for a cornelian."

...I do not understand. Why did you not tell me that man—that captain? ...I do not recall his name."

"...you mean Captain ...? He took us in one ... we were in despair, ... and had no ... against us."

"...you had asked Oliver ... would have provided for ... is our worst enemy."

"...not be."

"...Mother cannot endure ... does not love us."

"...reason for this. He ... paymaster."

"...you mean, father?"

"...sent him money every ... your mother. I have ... eighteen or nineteen ... sent him money!"

"...Winefred in amazement. I am certain that my ... received nothing."

"...possible that he can have ... said Mr. Holwood, ... "Did your mother ... that she had an ... from me?"

"...never hid nothing from ... when we had sold ... really had not enough ... I am positive that she never hid anything from Oliver Dench."

Mr. Holwood beat his brow.

"I am innocent in this matter," he said. "Write to your mother and explain. I am innocent indeed. I have wronged her in many ways, but not in this. I sent her money when I could ill afford to part with it, but I never failed to send regularly. Whenever my salary came in, I transmitted a share to her before I spent anything on myself. But Oliver said—" He hesitated, and looked down.

"What did Oliver Dench say?"

"He—he did not speak well of your mother. He led me to— to think; but I will enter into no particulars."



THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF MELBOURNE FOR QUEEN AND EMPIRE: OFF TO SOUTH AFRICA

"Olver is our mortal enemy. I do not know wherefore, unless it be that he has been filching the money all these years. He hates mother, and he dislikes me. If he has dared to speak against her, he shall be called to account. There is one whom I can trust"—she held up her head—"one who will take him by the throat and make him unsay every word."

Mr. Holwood knew that she did not refer to himself, and he was humbled at the thought that his child should look to another to vindicate her mother's good name.

"No," said Winefred, with heightened colour and sparkling eyes, and speaking with vehemence, "my dear mother has done nothing to forfeit your esteem, nothing to dishonour your name. She has been poor, and has huxtered tapes and packets of pins, and has trudged through rain and mire, and there is none in all the country round who can say an ill word against her that has in it a spice even of truth."

"And she is now in poverty?"

Then, and not till this moment did the recollection of the one great and terrible fault committed by her mother recur to Winefred.

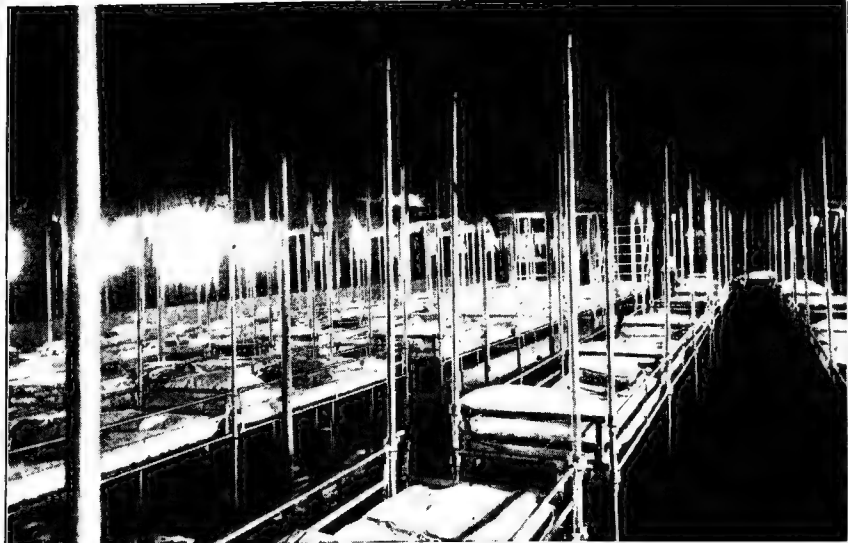
She suddenly dropped her head and covered her face with her hands.

(To be continued)

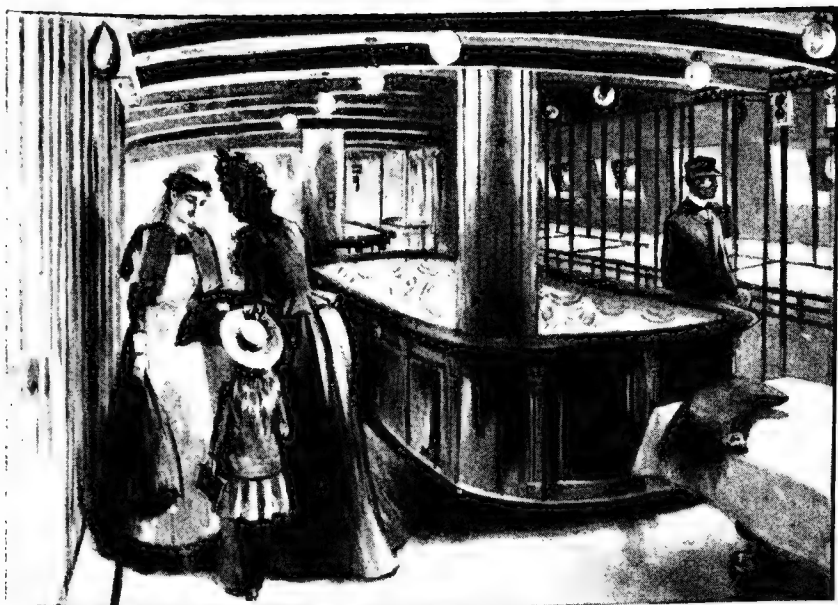
THE TRANSVAAL FLAG.—The flag of the Transvaal, says *The Golden Penny*, is a very simple affair. It consists of one broad, vertical bar of green next the flag-pole, and three horizontal bars, respectively red, white, and blue, the red being at the top. Take, for instance, the simple red, white, and blue flag of Holland and sow a vertical bar of green on the flag-staff end of it. That is all. The Boers speak of their flag as the "vierkleur," the four colour, just as the French call their flag the "tricolour." The motto of the South African Republic, the formal name of the Transvaal, is "Een Draght Maakt Magt," which means "Right Makes Might." The dominant feature of their coat of arms is a vulture, on the left-hand quarter a lion couchant, on the right an armed Boer with a rifle, a Boer ox waggon filling the remaining half of the picture, in the centre of which is an anchor, typifying the Cape Colonial origin of the Transvaalers.



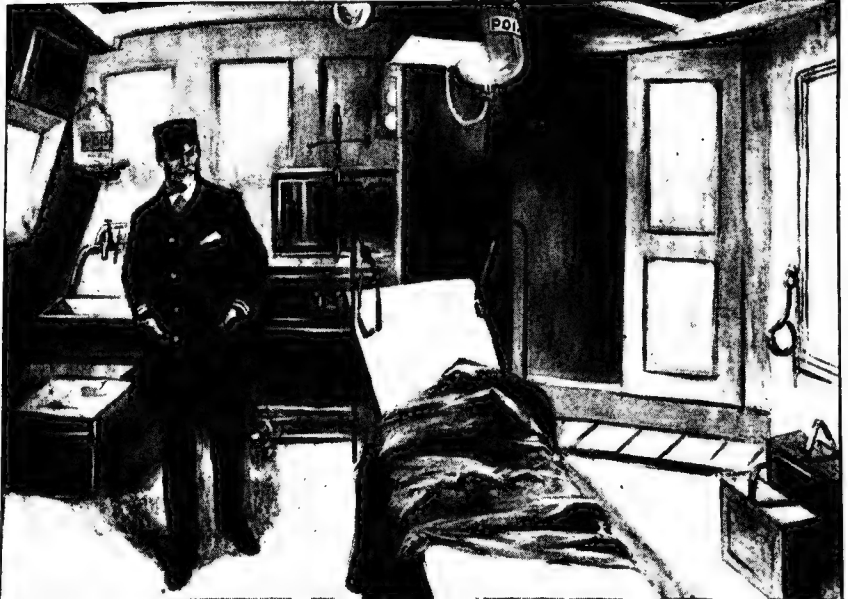
THE DISPENSARY



A WARD



THE ALEXANDRA WARD



THE OPERATING THEATRE

The English hospital ship *Princess of Wales*, which private subscription has sent out to South Africa, and which the *Princess of Wales* has equipped, is constructed to accommodate 186 patients. The vessel, which was described in *The Graphic* last week, was twice delayed in starting—first by a defect in her boilers,

and again by a collision near Tilbury. She was, however, uninjured by the accident. Our photographs are by J. Russell and Sons

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S HOSPITAL SHIP: BELOW DECK



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM A SKETCH BY H. L. GERSDORF

At the hospital at Wynberg there were ninety-nine men wounded from the battle of Elands Laagte. Wynberg is about eight miles from Cape Town. The military camp on the hill is one of the most healthy foreign stations.

THE FIRST WOUNDED TO ARRIVE AT THE CAPE: A WARD IN WYNBERG CAMP

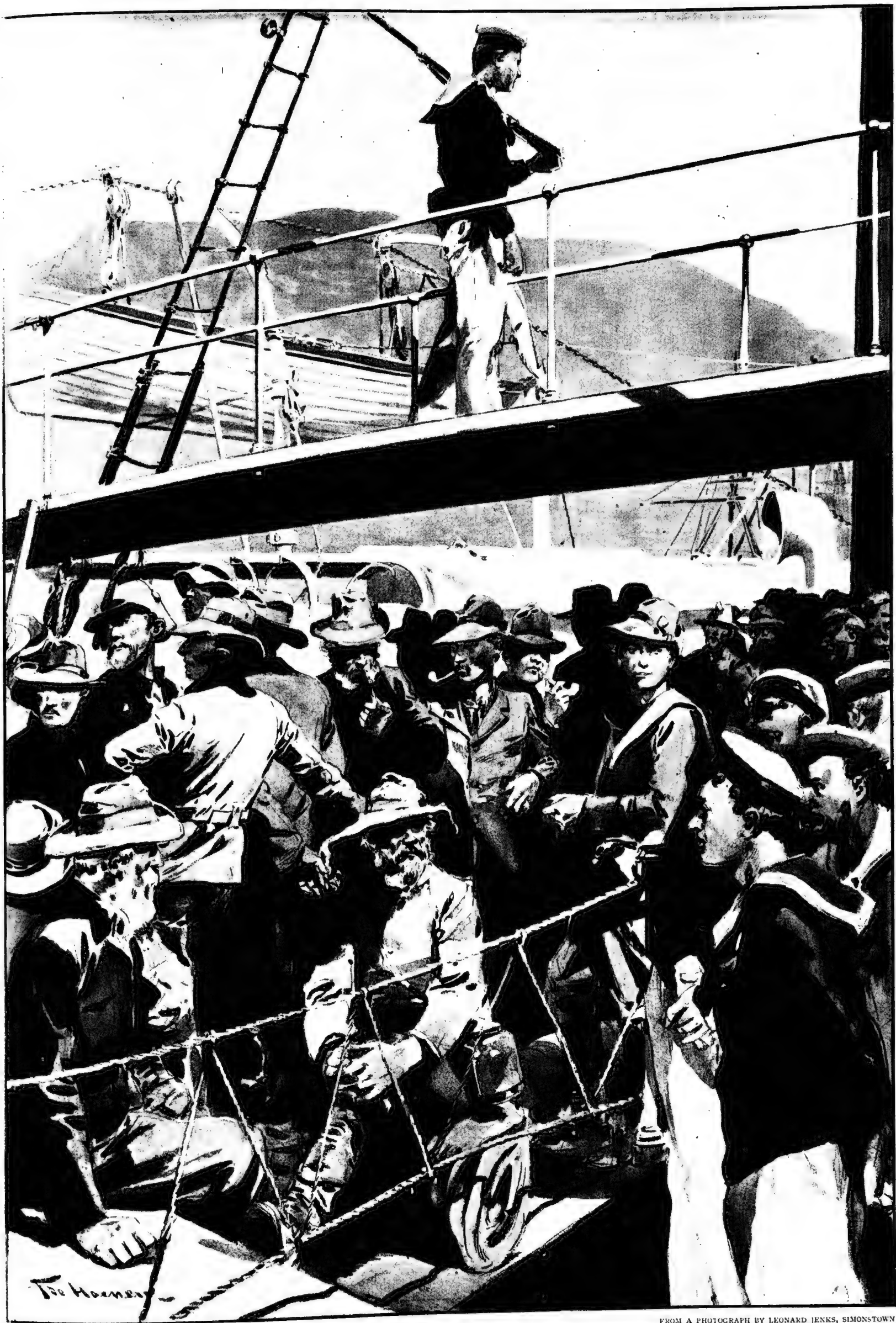


DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A SKETCH BY H. M. PAGET

Owing to the Field Hospital being crowded, the local churches of various denominations at Ladysmith have been placed at the disposal of the military authorities for the accommodation of the wounded.

A CHURCH IN LADYSMITH USED AS A HOSPITAL



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEONARD JENKS, SIMONSTOWN

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

The number of prisoners on the *Penelope* is now about 200. Their friends are allowed to visit them. An analysis of the list of the prisoners who have been taken to Cape Town shows that the majority are Hollanders, but there are a number who have close relations with Cape Town and Cape Colony. A few are

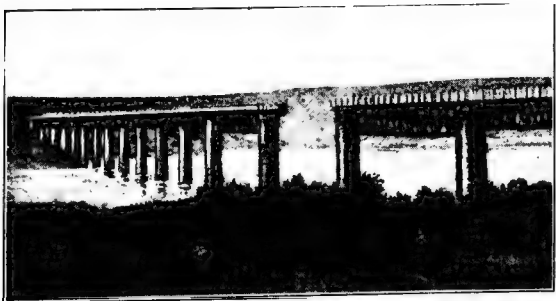
English-born, and many more are natives of British colonies. The arrival of the Boer prisoners provoked much interest, but there was no demonstration

BOER PRISONERS ON BOARD H.M.S. "PENELOPE"

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

It is only from the north-western side of the theatre of war that news of positive battle-action has come to us during the last week, and, on the whole, the news has been favourable to the reputation of our arms. From Tuli, in the north, on the Limpopo, the only item of intelligence, dated November 27, was to the effect that a Boer commando was preparing to attack that place, and that the garrison was feverishly busy with the work of strengthening the fortifications. At Mafeking the situation, while still obscure to us, is considered to be perfectly safe for the besieged in spite of all the efforts of Cronje to reduce it. And, by the way, there are, or lately were, three prominent Boers of this name, all related: Piet Cronje, Dr. Jameson's conqueror, who was entrusted with the siege of Mafeking; young Piet Cronje, who is believed to have been killed at the siege; and Anthony Cronje, who commanded at Graspan (Enslin), and probably also at the Modder River. The first of those Cronjes, Piet by name, quitted Mafeking about the 20th ult., with a commando and a large number of waggons, leaving the commandos under Snyman and Melan to shell the place into submission. One day the Boer besiegers endeavoured to lure out the garrison into an ambush by going away and leaving a big gun in an apparent state of dismantlement; "but our scouts," said Baden-Powell, "found the enemy hidden in force, so we sat tight." Four days later—November 24—he sent a telegram to a friend in London: "Mafeking going strong. Still beleaguered with intermittent shelling; have beaten the Boers in three engagements." In a night sortie a dozen Boers were bayoneted. They had pushed their entrenchments on the east of the town to within 2,000 yards of its defences, and their flag was floating at all the fortified points surrounding it. The citizens were then growing "just a little impatient," but the garrison was confident of holding out, and no wonder, for, with the departure of Cronje into unknown parts, probably towards Kimberley, with his long train of waggons, the siege of Mafeking must practically have been raised. At Kimberley all the Cronjes



THE BRIDGE BELOW HOPETOWN DESTROYED BY ORDER OF COLONEL MONEY

of the Transvaal must be urgently wanted to cope with the relieving column of Lord Methuen, the more so as on the very day—November 28—when the latter was fighting his victorious action at Modder River, the Bechuanaland Protectorate Police were engaged in capturing a Boer laager to the west of Kimberley, twenty-four miles distant, an action in which Mr. Barnard, a member of the Transvaal Volksraad of Rastenburg, was killed. "Our men," wired one correspondent at Kimberley, "save their powder and wave their hats at the Boers in ironical acknowledgment of their artillery prowess."

But the troops of Lord Methuen, during their advance to the relief of Kimberley, had no occasion to indulge in such ironical pleasantries—seeing that the artillery and rifle shooting of the Boers entailed upon them a loss of about 1,000 in killed and wounded, thus bringing our aggregate casualties, including prisoners, since the outbreak of the war, up to something like the figure of 3,230—or about three and a fourth battalions. What the corresponding casualty list of the Boers may be it is impossible to say, seeing that they keep their own counsel in this, as in all other respects, with admirable prudence blended with mendacity. Yet there is good reason to suppose that their casualty list is even longer than ours. At Modder River the number of our killed was seventy-two, and on reaching the Boer position Lord Methuen found fifty of their bodies, apart from those which they had either buried or carried away with them. "Am quite satisfied," wired Methuen, "that enemy's loss more than equals our own, and their *morale* much shaken." This is not at all surprising in view of the very severe hammering they got on three occasions from Methuen, who has so far proved himself the Steinmetz of this campaign. It does not often happen in war that a General achieves three substantial victories within five days. On November 23 Lord Methuen rushed and bayoneted away the Boers whom he found barring his Kimberley-ward advance on the heights of Belmont; on the 25th he equally forced them to retire, after a dogged encounter, from the strongly entrenched ridges around Enslin; and three days later—on Tuesday, 28th, he compelled them, after a desperately fought battle of ten hours' duration under a burning sun, to evacuate the tremendously strong position which, in numbers variously estimated at from 8,000 to 11,000 strong, they had taken up on the north bank of the Modder, or mud-coloured River, which might be said to have been their last defensive ditch but one against the British force sent to relieve Kimberley. Lord Methuen himself—and his words were repeated with singular unanimity by all the war correspondents in his camp—describes this ten-hours' action as "one of the hardest and most trying fights in the annals of the British Army," even though the total casualties only amounted to something like 480—being seventy-two killed and the rest wounded or missing. "Terrific battle," "ground littered with our dead," "Waterloo of the war," "appalling losses," "most sanguinary engagement," "scene on the Boer side fearful"—such are but a few of the phrases culled from the vivid messages of the chroniclers of the fight, which makes one really wonder what kind of language they would employ if they had to describe another Albuera or another Inkerman, where our casualties were respectively 48 and 31 per cent., while the corresponding figure at Modder River was only about 6! What becomes of the boasted precision of our modern firearms



Mooi River is a tributary of the Tugela. The camp near Mooi River Station was shelled by the Boers on November 2. Our photograph, which gives a good idea of the district, is by Captain Marshall

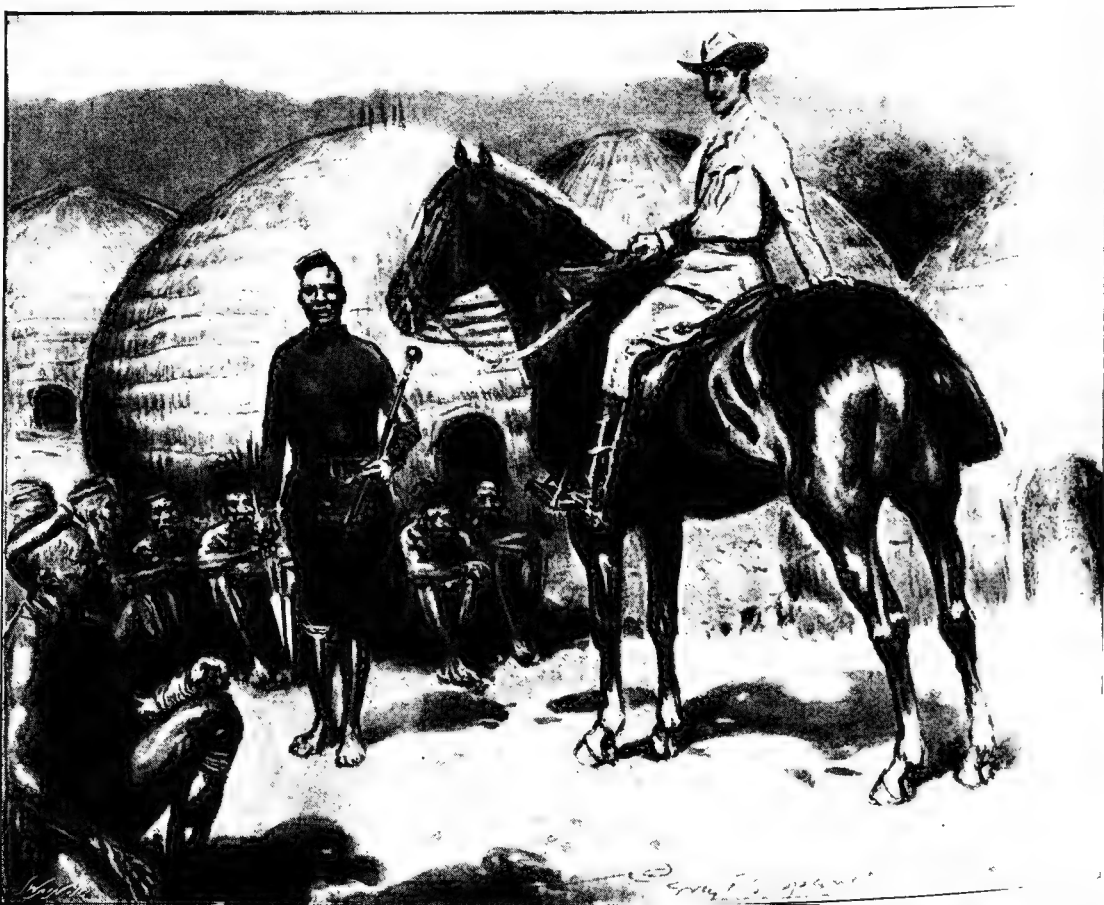
GENERAL VIEW OF THE MOOI RIVER

in view of such figures as these? On the other hand, the individual losses of some corps at Modder River were exceptionally heavy; for just as it was the Grenadiers and the Naval Brigade, who bore the brunt of battle at Enslin, so in the action of the 28th half a battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders lost as many as 113, or over 25 per cent., of their number, though the average loss of this "Waterloo of the war" was not much over six per cent. Yet in one respect Lord Methuen might well claim this battle to have been unique almost in the annals of our warfare, seeing that it was fought with a broad and rapid river between the two combatants as a couple of boxers might pound each other across a table. Thus the engagement resolved itself into an artillery and musketry duel—mainly the former at long range, the fire of the Boer guns being ably directed by the German Colonel Albrecht, whose waggon, "perfect in pharmacy and surgical appliances," had been captured by us two days before at Enslin—a waggon of a different kind from the "coach and six" in which General Joubert is pleased to post about the seat of war in Natal. But after every allowance is made for language which seems so grossly exaggerated when considered in the light of our losses at Modder River, it is nevertheless abundantly clear that our troops, as ever, offered a very brave, dogged, and enduring front to the superior force of strongly entrenched and ensconced Boers, who, over an irregular battle-line of about five miles, essayed to forbid them the passage of the muddy stream, with their Mausers, their Maxims, their Hotchkiss cannon, and their heavy guns. Bravery and endurance of the very highest kind were exhibited by all our battalions in the face of the terrific, but yet only moderately destructive fire to which they were for so many long exhausting hours exposed; and the fording or swimming of the Modder by a party of the Guards on one hand, and by a party of Highlanders on the other, with intent to turn the Boer flank, recalls the storming of the "Island of the Scots," in the Rhine, as sung by Aytoun. Lord Methuen was wounded by a bullet in the thigh, though but "slightly"—as he himself would underratingly phrase it—while the killed included Colonel Northcott, of the staff, and Colonel Stopford, of the 2nd Coldstreamers, while Major Count Gleichen,

3rd Grenadiers, a relative of the Queen, was wounded in the neck. A decisive part in the desperate duel was played by the 6th Field Battery, which, after a twenty hours' march from Orange River, reached the field of battle in the afternoon, and "actioned" at once with bad results for the Boers, who, when darkness fell, were found to have evacuated their almost impregnable position, some making eastwards towards Jacobsdal, and others heading north to Kimberley. It was thus that Lord Methuen could well claim to have fought a battle as successful as it was unique, seeing that if there be one criterion of success in war more unequivocal than another, it is surely the retirement of an enemy from a position which he had mustered up all his energy to defend. Backwards rolled the Boers, taking all their guns with them, enabling Lord Methuen to repair the Modder bridge and cross to the northern bank of the stream—there to be duly reinforced by the Highland Brigade of Wauchope with more very necessary cavalry—his line of communication with his rear being also strengthened by the moving up of the splendid Canadian and Australian contingents, who had meanwhile reached Cape Town and been frantically cheered as stalwart, shoulder-to-shoulder sons of the Empire from over sea.

In addition to those fine colonial contingents, the Army Corps, which we mobilised at the beginning of the war, may now be said to have all been landed in South Africa—"without an accident of any kind, almost without a hitch," as Lord Wolseley boasted with justifiable pride—a boast, however, which was made but a few days before the troopship *Ismore*, with a battery of field artillery, a squadron of the 10th (Prince of Wales's) Hussars, and some details on board, went ashore on the rocks of St. Helena Bay, about 100 miles north of Cape Town, and soon became a total wreck, though without any loss of human life, even if horses and guns had to be sacrificed. But this loss of artillery, of which we certainly have not enough at the front, will soon be made up for by the guns of the 5th Division, under Sir Charles Warren, who is now on the sea, soon to be followed by a 6th Division, commanded by General Kelly-Kenny, who replaced Sir Redvers Buller at Aldershot, and even a 7th Division is already spoken of as necessary to the complete success of our arms.

Meanwhile the war is being conducted on three main lines. On the west, moving on Kimberley, we have Methuen's Division,



DRAWN BY F. S. SPENCE

FROM A SKETCH BY J. M. ...

A Correspondent writes:—"Civil servants in Natal have had very onerous functions to perform lately. One duty that fell to their lot was to guard against an invasion of Natal on that side by the Boers. The blacks are very loyal to the British and would serve against the Boers if allowed to do so."

POSTING BLACK SCOUTS ON THE NATAL-ZULULAND FRONTIER

consisting of Colville's Guards and Pole-Carew's 9th Brigade, supported by Wauchope's Highland Brigade—a total mobile force, drawn from the Colonial and other contingents holding the line of communications, of about from 11,000 to 12,000 men of all arms. In the centre we have General Gatacre, with headquarters, when he heard of, at Putterskral, threatening the line of the Orange River. He has 7,000 men, belonging to Hart's and Lyttelton's Brigades, moving up, and his advanced posts are now beyond Stormberg and Newwagort, while the Boers have withdrawn from both Dordrecht and Molteno. Of a decisive stroke from Gatacre, who with his hands helped to tear down the Dervish Zareba at the Atbara, we may expect to hear shortly. Then, on the right, there is Clery's Division of three Brigades, commanded by Hildyard, Barton, and Wolfe Murray, with other details totalling, say, 12,000 men nominally, under the eye of Sir Redvers Buller, who is to relieve the 8,000 men of Sir G. White cooped up at Mafeking, which is still surrounded by what has well been called the "fog of war," and where Schalk Burger was left to Joubert to command the investing force. On the 1st inst. it was estimated that over 2,000 shells had been thrown from Ladysmith since the beginning of the siege, and the Boers had mounted against the place a third big gun, which they dubbed "Franchise." Otherwise the outstanding feature of the situation on the side of the Boers is that they were marshalling in great force under Joubert about Grobler's Kloof, north of Colenso, where they had blown up the railway bridge to dispute Buller's passage of the Tugela; but what Buller himself intended doing in order to force this passage he did not allow to transpire. On his side the situation has been left purposely obscure. We only know that a

forward movement is in progress, that the Engineers had constructed a trestle bridge over the Frere River capable of bearing trains, and that a reconnaissance, carried out by the Earl of Dundonald in the direction of Chieveley and Colenso, resulted in showing that the "Boers intend to offer a desperate resistance to our advance. . . . As the last of Dundonald's flying column left the position a tremendous explosion was heard, and a huge cloud of smoke was seen in the direction of Colenso," from which it was inferred that the Boers had at last blown up the railway bridge, though the piers are left standing. Our Engineers will therefore be able to repair it sufficiently for the purposes of traffic—the more so as they have the valuable assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel Girouard, the young Canadian officer who turned to such good account in the Soudan the experience he had acquired in the construction of similar bridges on the Canadian Pacific line.

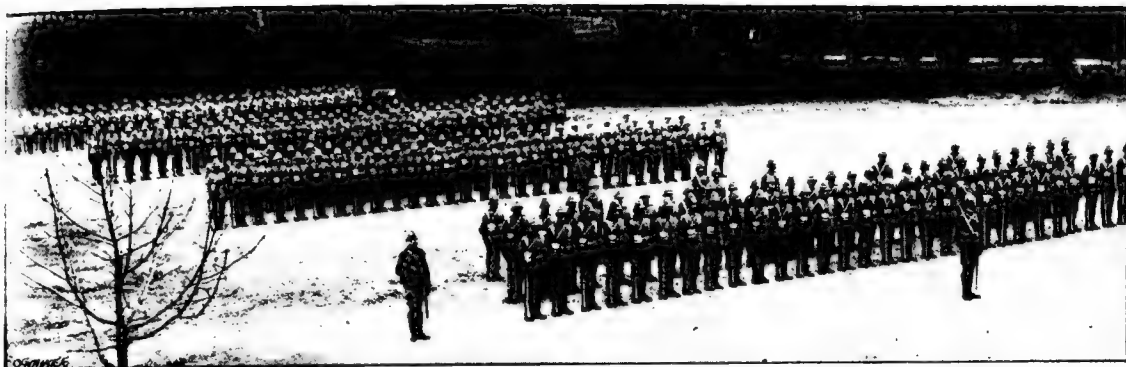
THE SIEGE TRAIN

One of the most interesting features of the present war will be the operations of the siege train, a portion of which is already at sea, and the remainder to follow in a few days, while the personnel has been mobilised at Gosport. No siege train has been organised in this country since the outbreak of the Crimean War, and the difference in the arms of that day and those of to-day is wonderful. The siege train now being mobilised will consist of 30 howitzers, 14 of 6-inch calibre, 8 of 5-inch, and 8 of 4-inch, while the force composing the train will number 32 officers and 1,104 non-commissioned officers and men. Howitzers, as may be seen from the accompanying illustration, are short cannon for firing shells at high-angle fire—that is, at 35 deg. or 40 deg. They are mounted on travelling siege

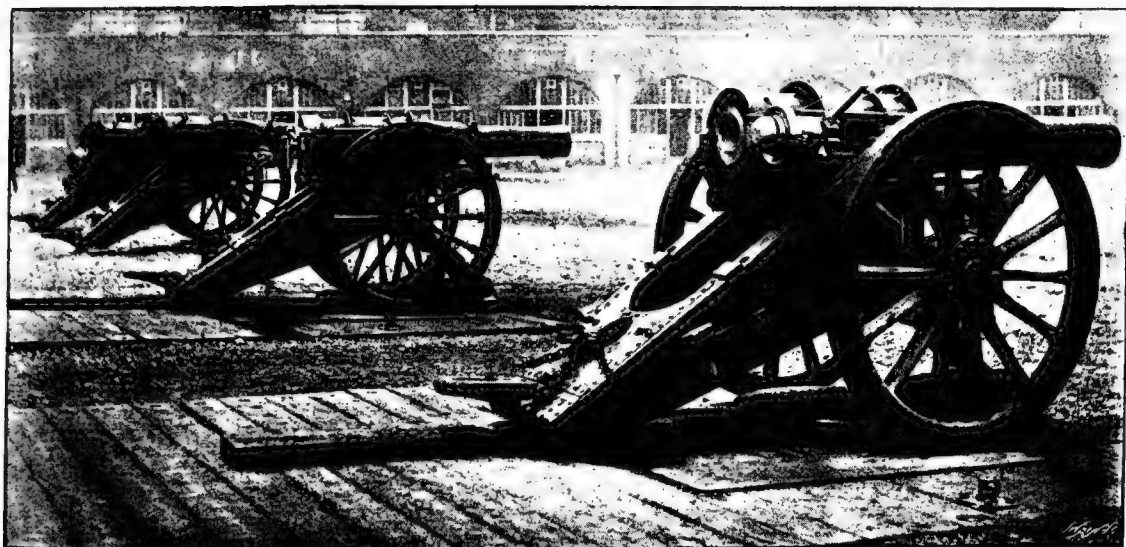
carriages, and the shell fired from a 6-inch howitzer is a steel lyddite-charged projectile, weighing 118½ lb. The range is 10,000 yards. The 5-inch howitzer has a range of 9,000 yards. The siege train force is composed of eight batteries of the Royal Garrison Artillery drawn from Portsmouth, Gosport, Devonport, Plymouth, Weymouth, Isle of Wight, Exeter, Sheerness, and other places, Militia being called out to fill the vacancies. The train is under the command of Lieutenant T. Perrott and Captain A. C. Currie, R.G.A.

The Late Sir Henry Tate

WITH the death of Sir Henry Tate, who died last Tuesday at his residence at Streatham, there passes away one of those men whom the country can ill afford to spare. A merchant prince, the founder of an enormous business, and the possessor of great wealth, he never overlooked the fact that those who make fortunes out of a country owe something to that country, and his splendid generosity has raised him at least one enduring monument. Sir Henry Tate was born at Chorley in Lancashire in 1819. He served an apprenticeship to the grocery trade in Liverpool, then embarking in business on his own account speedily began to make headway. The sugar refinery business was a later development, and it owed its enormous success to the astuteness of Sir Henry in securing conjointly with his great rivals, Messrs. Martineau, a German patent which enabled sugar to be delivered in the "cubes" of world-wide fame instead of as heretofore in the old-fashioned conical "sugar loaf." Apart from his splendid donation to the country, the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank, Sir Henry Tate was a lavish supporter of various institutions in Liverpool and London. It was not generally known at the time that an anonymous 20,000/ given to the Nurses' Pension Fund came from Sir Henry Tate, while the gallery at Millbank probably cost him in all some 200,000/. The story of how this gift came to be made is too recent to require retelling in detail, but it will be remembered that Sir Henry offered to present to the nation a selection of his pictures if the nation would provide a home fitting for their reception. The nation suggested certain dark galleries at South Kensington, which were very properly declined. Then endless discussion arose over sites for a new building, an anonymous donor, whose name soon leaked out, having offered 100,000/ for this purpose. Eventually Sir



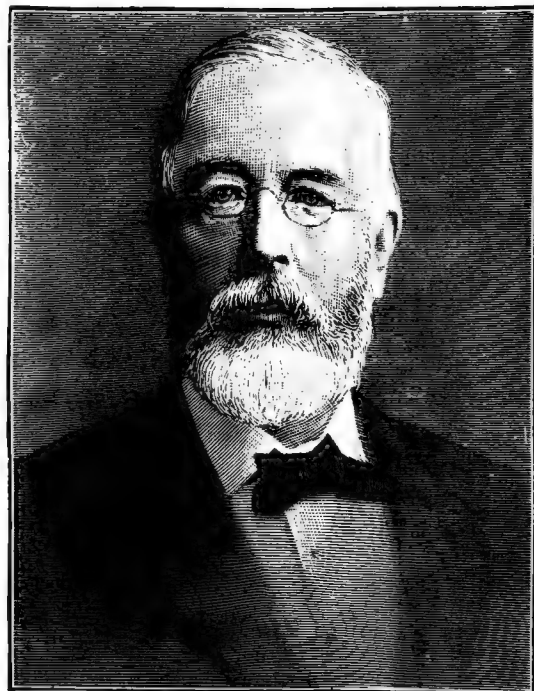
THE MEN WHO ARE TO WORK THE SIEGE TRAIN



Breech Closed

SIX-INCH HOWITZERS BELONGING TO THE SIEGE TRAIN

Breech Open



THE LATE SIR HENRY TATE
The Donor of the Tate Gallery



OFFICERS IN COMMAND OF THE SIEGE TRAIN

The shipment of the armament of the siege train began on Monday simultaneously in the s.s. *Tantallon Castle*, lying in the East India Docks, and in the Royal Mail steamer *Severn*, moored off Woolwich Arsenal, the latter vessel having been ordered round from Southampton to Woolwich for the purpose. It is expected that the steamers will be ready to leave to-day (Saturday). A full description of the siege train was given in our last issue. Our illustrations are from photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

THE SIEGE TRAIN FOR SOUTH AFRICA

William Harcourt took the matter in hand, and it was settled that Sir Henry Tate should build his own building, and that the management should be in the hands of the trustees of the National Gallery. After the opening of the gallery a baronetcy was conferred on the donor.

Sir Henry Tate's munificent gift belongs to a very different category to the many valuable bequests which at different times have been left to the nation. It is one thing to bequeath your treasures, and quite another when a genuine art lover parts in his lifetime with the treasures which it has been his pride and his pleasure to gather together. But now, when the voice of ungenerous criticism which was heard at the time that the gift was being discussed is silenced, everyone is quick to realise with gratitude that Sir Henry Tate has provided British Art with a noble and permanent home, and has relieved the overcrowded National Gallery in a most desirable manner. Sir Henry Tate's favourite artists were Millais, Hook, Briton Riviere, Orchardson, and Waterhouse, and it is said that of all his collection the picture in which he used to take greatest delight was "The Vale of Rest." His last gift to the Gallery was "The Order of Release," formerly in the collection of Mr. J. H. Renton. On the day on which the death of Mr. Renton was announced, it is said that Sir Henry Tate was talking with Sir John Millais for the last time. The artist spoke of the picture as being likely to come into the market owing to its owner's death, and intimated that he hoped his friend would be the purchaser. Sir Henry Tate fulfilled what he regarded as being a duty of friendship laid upon him by purchasing the picture at the Renton sale (May, 1898) and presenting it to the nation. The price paid, 5,250/., was the highest sum ever given for a Millais, with the exception of "Over the Hills and Far Away," which fetched a like amount in 1887. Visiting the galleries at Millbank now it is hard to realise that one will no more see the genial and kindly donor strolling round renewing acquaintance with the pictures in which he took such pride or noting with evident satisfaction public appreciation of his gift. What cast a gloom over the proceedings only the other day, when the additional galleries to complete the original scheme of the building were thrown open, was the fear that his absence foretold the end.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY H. M. M.

After seven hours' hard fighting, the King's Royal Rifles, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and the Royal Dublin Fusiliers steadily advanced fighting their way across the valley to the almost impregnable hillside. On gaining the top in a mixed body, they rushed with a wild, pent-up yell on the bravely stubborn Boers, capturing guns at the point of the bayonet, and rolling the retreating enemy down the reverse of the Talana slope.

THE BATTLE OF DUNDEE: STORMING THE BOER POSITION ON TALANA HILL



LORD METHUEN
1st Division (Western)



SIR C. F. CLERY
2nd Division (Ladysmith Relief)



SIR W. F. GATACRE
3rd Division (Cape Colony)



GENERAL J. H. YULE
Who took over Gen. Symons' command of the
4th Division



SIR CHARLES WARREN
5th Division (on the sea)

THE WAR: SOME PROMINENT COMMANDERS

Our Portraits

LORD METHUEN, who is punctuating his march to the relief of Ladysmith with hard-won victories, is one of the best type of English soldier—hard-working Guardsmen, devoted to his profession, ever ready to join in the fray, and having considerable practical experience in troop leading. The news of his wound has caused much regret, but there is every reason to believe that the injury is not serious. As the head of his Irregular Horse—Methuen's personal bodyguard—Sir Charles Warren's Bechuanaland Expedition he won the admiration of all alike. In the Tirah Expedition of 1897, he held the thankless office of Press Censor, and was eulogised no less by the Press than by Sir William Lockhart. At one time he was Military Attaché at Berlin, is well known to the German Emperor, and immensely popular in all quarters. His strictures on Boer tactics are likely to gain more credence with the Kaiser than reports from other quarters, and should set at rest any doubts in the minds of those who have loth to credit our enemies with treacherous conduct. When at Berlin he saved the life of a would-be suicide, who had jumped into the canal one bitter cold winter day, by springing in after him and bringing him to shore, and was decorated by the Emperor for his bravery. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Lieut.-General Sir Cornelius Francis Clery, K.C.B., who is in supreme command of the forces now in the field in Natal to the south of Ladysmith, has already seen service in South Africa. His regimental life was spent entirely in the 32nd Foot (1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry), which he joined just after the Indian Mutiny. His first experiences of the battlefield were gained against the Zulus; he instantly won distinction, for he was present both at

Isandhlwana and Ulundi, and was warmly mentioned in despatches. In Egypt, in 1882, he acted as brigade-major at Alexandria. He fought at El Teb and Tamai, and won a brevet-colonelcy and a C.B., and he marched with the Nile Expedition of 1884-85 as Deputy-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General. When fighting round Sunkin, Clery wore his red tunic, while every one else had khaki, and it was said at the time that no other man in the force was so often the target for Dervish rifles. Since 1896 General Clery has been Deputy-Adjutant-General at the War Office. When the present war broke out he was appointed to the command of the 2nd Division of the Army Corps, and, under the original scheme, was to have operated from Port Elizabeth. The circumstances of the war, however, rendered it advisable that he should go on to Natal, and there direct the operations for the defence of that colony and the relief of Sir George White's force invested in Ladysmith. Our portrait is by Cumming, Aldershot.

Sir W. F. Gatacre is well known for his brilliant services in the Chitral Campaign, where he commanded a brigade, and at the Atbara and Omdurman. He was actively associated with Lord Kitchener in the campaign which resulted in the final blow being dealt to Mahdism, and for his services then had the Knight Commandership of the Bath conferred upon him. In 1888 Sir William Gatacre, then Colonel Gatacre, served with the Hazara Expedition, and 1879 with the Tonquin Expedition in Burmah. Our portrait is by Bourne and Shepperd, Simla.

Brigadier-General James Herbert Yule was the officer who took over the command of the late General Symons at Dundee, and skilfully extricated his little force from a perilous position and brought it successfully to Ladysmith. He was subsequently appointed Major-General on the staff to command the 8th Brigade

of the South African Field Force, with the local rank of Major-General while so employed, and to be granted the substantive rank of Colonel in the Army. General Yule served in the Afghan War of 1879-80 with the Devonshire Regiment. In the Burmese Expedition of 1891-2 he was in command of the Irrawaddy Column during the operations in the Chin Hills. He received after that campaign his brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel. His next service was on the North-West Frontier of India, under Sir William Lockhart, in 1897-8, and he then commanded the 1st Battalion of the regiment. He was present at the capture of the Sampagha and Arhanga Passes, and was mentioned in despatches, receiving his brevet colonelcy for the services then rendered. He went with his regiment from India to South Africa, and was appointed to command a brigade in the force under Sir George White. General Yule's father was colonel of the 9th Lancers, and was killed at the head of that regiment during the Indian Mutiny. Our portrait is by Ye0, Plymouth.

Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., who has been appointed to the command of the Fifth Division for service in South Africa, entered the Royal Engineers as lieutenant in 1857. He became colonel in 1882, major-general in 1883, and lieutenant-general in 1897. He served, in 1877, during the suppression of the Kaffir outbreak, as lieutenant-colonel in command of the Diamond Fields Horse. In the following year he commanded part of the Griqualand West Field Force, and was mentioned in the Governor's despatches as having shown "energy, ability, and resource under most trying circumstances." He led the expedition sent into Arabia in 1882 for the purpose of bringing to justice the murderers of Professor Palmer and his party. In 1884-5 he was in command of the Bechuanaland Expedition. From 1886 to 1888 he was Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. BRUTON, CAPE TOWN

The steamer *Nimrod*, with the New South Wales Lancers from London on board, arrived at Cape Town on the forenoon of the 2nd inst., and cast anchor. The Lancers were welcomed in a patriotic speech by the Mayor of Cape Town, and Captain Cox, in reply, said he and his men had responded to the call of duty. They were anxious and willing to fight for the Empire and the Queen, and to that end they would loyally

follow any leader. The Lancers landed at five o'clock in the evening, and marched through the cheering thousands of citizens to the railway station, where they entrained for the north. The officers and men were in the best of health and spirits.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS AT CAPE TOWN: LEAVING THE WHARF FOR THE RAILWAY STATION

Our Portraits

MAJOR-GENERAL KELLY-KENNY, who has been nominated to the command of the Sixth Division, has never served in South Africa, but has a considerable record of war services, and has held several important appointments at home, including the command at Aldershot and the Inspector-Generalship of Auxiliary Forces. He served in the campaign of 1860 in North China as orderly officer to Brigadier Jephson, and was present at the action of Sinho (being mentioned in the despatches), and the taking of Tangku and Taku Forts. Seven years later he served in Abyssinia in command of a division of the transport train, and was mentioned in the despatches for zeal, energy, and ability. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Captain Percy Scott, R.N., who designed and superintended the making of the carriages by which the guns of the *Powerful* were carried to the scene of the last severe engagement at Ladysmith, is, perhaps, the most enthusiastic gunnery specialist in the Navy. He

handsomest man in the Brigade of Guards. Among his early experiences General Pole-Carew was first A.D.C. and afterwards military secretary to Lord Roberts. Our portrait is by Gregory and Co., Strand.

Major John Hulke Plumbe, who was killed at Graspan, was forty-one years of age. During the war in Egypt in 1882 he served as lieutenant in the Royal Marine battalion, and was present at every action in which it was engaged, from the occupation of Alexandria to the actions of Tel-el-Mahuta, Kassassin, and Tel-el-Kebir, being slightly wounded in the last battle. Major Plumbe was highly qualified, being a specialist in gunnery, fortification, topography, and torpedoes, and the holder of the first class Aldershot gymnasia certificate. Our portrait is by Heath and Bullingham.

Lieutenant-Colonel Horace Robert Stopford, of the Coldstream Guards, who was killed at Modder River, had only just attained his forty-fourth year. He entered the Army as a sub-lieutenant in the 44th Foot on June 12, 1874, and was transferred to the

Lieutenant Francis Owen-Lewis, of the 14th Bombay Infantry, who has died from the injuries he received in the action when he took place during the armoured train reconnaissance on the Cape frontier on the 24th ult., was thirty years of age, and had served in the Army between eight and nine years. He was born on August 1st, 1869, and entered the Army from the Militia as a second lieutenant in the Durham Light Infantry on February 18, 1891. Lieutenant Owen-Lewis was at the Cape when war broke out, and, on being ordered to join the British force was attached to the Loyal North Lancashire Mounted Infantry. He took part in the Battle of Belmont, being unhurt, but was killed on the following day.

Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel Henry Ponting Northcott, C.B., who was on Lord Methuen's staff, and was among the killed at Modder River, was forty-three years of age, having been born on October 16, 1856. He had had great experience of African warfare. He entered the Army as a sub-lieutenant in the 19th Foot on January 12, 1876, receiving his lieutenant's commission exactly twelve months later, and being appointed to the 2nd West India Regiment



BRIGADIER-GENERAL POLE-CAREW
Who crossed the Modder River during Lord Methuen's attack



MAJOR COUNT A. E. GLEICHEN
Wounded at Modder River



MAJOR-GENERAL KELLY-KENNY
Appointed Commander of the 6th Division



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. H. P. NORTHCOTT
Killed at Modder River



CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT, R.N.
The clever inventor on H.M.S. *Powerful*



THE LATE MAJOR J. H. PLUMBE, R.M.L.I.
Killed at Graspan



THE LATE LIEUT. FRANCIS OWEN-LEWIS
Died from injuries received in a reconnaissance on the 24th inst.



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. H. R. STOPFORD
Killed at Modder River



THE LATE LIEUTENANT C. C. WOOD
Killed in the skirmish near Belmont



THE LATE LIEUTENANT L. W. LONG
Killed at Modder River

was at one time attached to Whale Island, the great naval school at Portsmouth. More recently he commanded the cruiser *Scylla*, which, at her last prize firing, made 80 p.c. of hits. When the *Scylla* was paid off he was given the command of the cruiser *Terrible*—a very marked compliment to a man still in the early prime of life. In addition to the famous gun carriages, which are thought by many to have saved the situation at Ladysmith, Captain Scott has designed the novel searchlights carried on trucks shown in our illustration. Our portrait is by Gregory and Co., Strand.

Major Count Albert Edward Gleichen, C.M.G., of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, is among the officers severely wounded at Modder River. Count Gleichen, who is the son of the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe (Count Gleichen), has been erroneously described as the Queen's grandson, but he is, as a matter of fact, the grandson of Her Majesty's half-sister. Major Count Gleichen was born in London in 1863, and joined the Grenadiers at the age of eighteen, attaining the rank of captain in 1892. He served in the Nile Expedition in 1884-5 with the Camel Corps, and was present in the actions at Abu Klea and Abu Kru. He was attached to Sir Rennell Rodd's Mission to Menelik in 1897. Count Gleichen is the author of several works on the subject of his profession, and is a very well-known sculptor. Our portrait is by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.

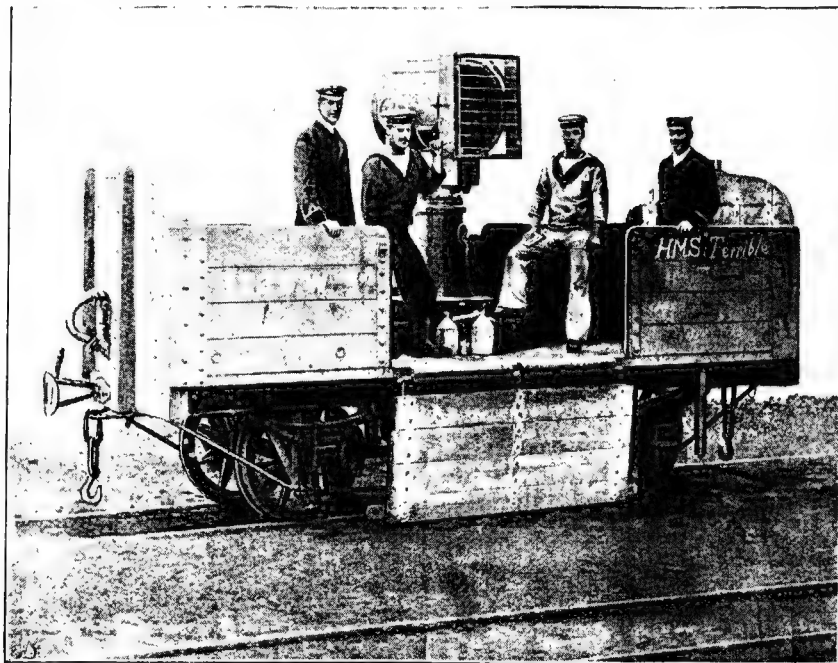
Brigadier-General Pole-Carew is the officer who succeeded in getting a small party across the Modder River during Lord Methuen's desperate attack on the Boer position. General Pole-Carew, who was the only officer mentioned by Lord Methuen in his first despatch, would not have done the splendid bit of work he evidently accomplished but for what his friends considered a turn of ill-luck. He was given an Indian appointment, but it was subsequently discovered that he was not qualified to hold it, not having passed "the higher standard" in the native languages. Brigadier-General Fetherstonhaugh's wound brought Colonel Pole-Carew up from Cape Town to take command of a brigade. As a subaltern he was considered the

Coldstream Guards on August 28 in the following year, receiving his captain's commission on October 19, 1885. Though he had not up to the present seen any active service, he had been employed on staff service on various occasions. Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Second Lieutenant L. W. Long, who was killed at Modder River, entered the Army only last August, being gazetted to the 2nd Battalion of the King's Own (Yorkshire Light Infantry).

on November 30, 1878. He had seen much staff service, his first appointment being as fort adjutant at Sierra Leone. He was engaged in the Sherbro Expedition on the West Coast of Africa, when he obtained mention in despatches. He received his commission as captain in the 2nd West India Regiment on February 12, 1886, being gazetted to the Leinster Regiment on September 8 in the same year. He served in the operations in Zululand in 1888, and was on special service in Ashantee, under Sir Francis Scott, and was on special service in the Cape Colony, for which he received the star. In October, 1891, he was appointed Commissioner and Commandant of the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast, and in 1897-8 was in command of expeditions to Karaga. In July of this year he received the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Lieutenant-Colonel Northcott, who had passed the Staff College, was gazetted a Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General on the staff of the 1st Division of the Forces in South Africa on October 9 last. Our portrait is by Cook and Whitfield, Ealing.

Lieutenant Charles C. Wood, who was killed in the skirmish near Belmont, was a son of Keith Falconer also lost his life, and was in Halifax, N.S., twenty-three years ago. Lieutenant Wood, who is the first Canadian to have met his death in the war, underwent military training at the Royal Military College, Kingston, and after a four years' course of study, he was in 1896, before he was twenty years of age, when he received a commission in the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, commanded by Colonel Northcott. Six months ago, when war with the Transvaal became inevitable, this regiment was ordered to South Africa, and stationed at Kimberley. Lieutenant Wood was a great-grandson of General Zouave Taylor, one time president of the United States, and a grandson of General Robert C. Wood, of the United States army, and son of Captain J. Wood, of the navy, and probably the most daring, most successful of the most successful fighters in the Confederate navy. Our portrait is by Gavin and Gutzell, Halifax, N.S.



Here is shown the method which Captain Percy Scott, of H.M.S. *Terrible*, has employed to mount one of the ship's searchlight "flashes" on a railway truck. It is said that signalling can be carried on at a distance of thirty miles by using the clouds as a screen whereon to flash the signals. Captain Scott, it will be remembered, invented the carriages for the naval guns that were taken up to Ladysmith. Our illustration is from a photograph supplied by H. A. Gwynne.

CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT'S INVENTION: SEARCHLIGHT "FLASHES" ON LAND

How Our Army in the Field is Fed

BY A MILITARY OFFICER

To supply an army with food is one of the most difficult tasks a general is called upon to perform when taking the field. This difficulty increases in the same ratio as the distance from the base increases, because not only will the conveyance of supplies require longer time, but when passing to and fro the vehicles are exposed to attacks of hostile raiding parties. Thence it follows that detachments must be posted at suitable intervals along the roads or railways which constitute the line of communication. For the sake of giving an illustration, let us assume that part or the whole of the Army Corps sent to South Africa were to invade the Transvaal through the Orange Free State. In this case Naauwpoort Junction may be selected for establishing the first depot, where the live and dead stock obtained by army contractors from the Cape, or other colonies, is collected. Once the field force advances for a considerable distance beyond Naauwpoort, a second and third depot must be established; for instance, at Colesberg and Mafekingfontein, and so forth. Evidently it is easy enough for a small party of Boers to move round the flank of the British field army with a view to destroying the railway, or of doing damage to one of the depots. Consequently a considerable number of men must be posted along the line of communication to frustrate such designs on the part of the enemy. Hence it follows that the longer the line of communication is, the more troops for guarding it must be detailed from the field force, which will be weakened correspondingly. The vital importance of maintaining one's own line of communication is evident from the fact that an army, even if defeated, can rally and again become a powerful instrument of war, as long as it maintains connection with its depots and base. But once driven from its line of supplies, starvation and utter ruin will soon stare into the face of the vanquished. "While distant spectators"—says General Hamley—"imagine a general to be intent only on striking or carrying a blow, he probably directs a hundred glances, a hundred anxious thoughts to the communications in his rear for one that he bestows on his adversary's front."

While a field army depends solely on its lines of communication for the replenishing of its ammunition, it is different with regard to its food supply. As a matter of fact, in former centuries, when the armies were small in comparison to the present ones, and when but little compassion was shown by the soldiery for the suffering of the populace, the entire food-stuff was obtained from the country in which war was waged.

The increased size of field forces, however, coupled with bad experiences of the past, rendered a systematic supply necessary, with a view to making an army independent of the district through which it marches. The present system of supply may be said to be based on the following three maxims:—

1. To obtain, as far as possible, food from the country.
2. To establish depots along the lines of communication for feeding the troops in case the supply which the country yields is not sufficient.
3. To keep a sufficient food-reserve, with a field force to render it independent for a few days, should by any chance the supply from the country as well as that from the depots run short.

On active service each man in the British Army carries on his person an emergency ration of one day's food, to be used only if all other sources of supply fail. His daily portion is served out to him from the regimental supply waggons after the day's work is done, and consists of 1 lb. of fresh meat, 1½ lb. of bread, and 4 oz. of groceries, and is cooked for him by his company, squadron, battery, &c. Tommy Atkins is credited with sufficient sense of economy to make his portion last till he gets the next evening's meal, and not to swallow all at once.

Having served out the daily food supply to the troops, the regimental waggons are refilled from supply columns, which are composed of Army Service Corps units, and contain one ration for daily supply as well as one for emergency. An Infantry Division has three supply columns, viz., one for each of the two brigades, while the third is needed for the divisional troops. An Army Corps of three divisions requires ten supply columns, viz., nine for the divisions, the tenth for the supply of the corps troops.

The emergency ration carried by the men, and in the supply columns, consists of preserved meat, vegetables, and biscuits, while the food served out for daily use consists of fresh stuff. To obtain the latter anew from the country is the difficult task the supply

columns have to perform every day. In a friendly country one usually can rely upon the co-operation of the inhabitants, provided they can be paid in hard cash, a thing so necessary in warfare that once a famous general, on being questioned what he considered the three most essential items for warfare, unhesitatingly replied, "The first is money, the second is money, the third is money."

In a hostile country the difficulties of procuring food necessarily increase, but even here firmness and tact of the requisitioning officer, coupled with the prospect of making something in the nature of a fair bargain, usually induce the inhabitants to yield. In case of refusal the somewhat harsh method of seizing the food when and where it can be found must be resorted to, though this procedure has the drawback that it arouses the lust of plunder among the men detailed for this task, and that the keen dissatisfaction it causes amongst the inhabitants may possibly lead to an open revolt.

When the country in the immediate neighbourhood of the route an army marches by does not yield a sufficient amount of food, and usually it will not yield it, the requisitioning parties must obtain it from the adjacent districts, in which case they necessarily must be

himself open to being defeated in detail. A notable instance of this kind occurred in February, 1814, during the war of liberation. Failing to obtain sufficient food for his army of about 56,000 men when concentrated, old Marshal Blücher separated his force into four different columns. Napoleon, seizing his chance, at once collected 40,000 of his own men, and, falling successively on the four columns of his opponent, defeated them one after the other.

Although a modern army draws its supplies chiefly from the country it occupies, still it cannot make itself entirely dependent on it, especially when an impending battle necessitates a close concentration. To provide for such emergencies an Army Corps is accompanied by a supply park, which, too, consists of Army Service Corps units, and carries for the entire corps preserved rations for three days. This food-reserve, as well as the one day's emergency ration carried by each man and in the supply columns respectively, enables an Army Corps to operate for five days independently of its lines of communication. It need hardly be said that no general is justified in touching the reserve rations unless compelled by necessity. Whenever possible a force which cannot find sufficient sustenance in the country it occupies, should be fed from its magazines in rear.

For its bread supply an Army Corps depends almost entirely on its Field Bakery, which forms an essential part of its equipment.

The question of drink is more easily settled than that of food-supply, because the men drink water, and should that be scarce the engineers are provided with materials for sinking wells, while supply columns and bearer companies have water-carts for its conveyance.

"The Lady of Ostend"

It has been noted as a specially hopeful sign of the revival of the drama that our playwrights now keep an attentive eye on the dramatic capabilities of new ideas and changes of fashion. I am reminded of the change which is coming over the drama in this regard by the circumstance that there are two plays at this moment on the London stage in which that latest birth of Time and human ingenuity, the "Cinematograph," is a conspicuous factor. One is *Hearts are Trumps*, at DRURY LANE; the other Mr. Burnand's adaptation from the German, entitled *The Lady of Ostend*, which, after a preliminary trial in the sultry days of last July, has been brought forth in an improved form at TERRY'S Theatre. At DRURY LANE this marvellous invention plays but an incidental and comparatively unimportant part. At TERRY'S Theatre, on the contrary, it is, though invisible, the very fount and origin of the humours of the merry farcical comedy with which Mr. Burnand has provided the present management of that house. Mr. Richard Whortles is a meek and inoffensive little City gentleman, who, in the absence of his wife, has given himself up to sentimentalising on the sands of Ostend with a lady who happens to be sojourning in that town of pleasure-seekers. It is all very harmless, but unfortunately somebody's camera has been out, and Mr. Whortles's flirtations have been permanently recorded on the "films." Of all this Mr. Whortles knows nothing, till one day, by ill-luck, he invites Mrs. Whortles and her censorious and inquisitorial mother to accompany him to a certain variety theatre, at which the wonders of the cinematograph are one of the entertainments. Need it be said that a view of the sands of Ostend forms one of the animated pictures, and that Mr. Whortles's gallant attentions to "the Lady of Ostend" are faithfully reproduced before the eyes of the unfortunate gentleman and his party?

Such is the datum of the story, the development of which introduces a long series of comic complications.

The distresses of poor Whortles, played by Mr. Weedon Grossmith with all his strong sense of humour, have but commenced with the variety theatre incident. He has a volatile father-in-law, whose own gay propensities only increase the domestic dissensions. Still more unhappy are the efforts of Whortles's foreign friend, calling himself the Baron de Longueville, whose mendacious inventions are far too simple-minded to deceive Mrs. Whortles or her watchful mamma. The devices of this French Marplot furnish Mr. Scott-Buist with opportunities for some amusing acting; but still more productive of fun is the arrival on the scene of one Krockitt, a professional prizefighter, who has married the lady of Ostend, and, having got an inkling of the scandal, insists on explanations. Mr. Edmund Gurney's impersonation of this extremely explosive person is one of the drollest features of the piece. The ladies of the little circle are less happily provided; but Miss Beatrice Day as Mrs. Whortles, and Miss Ethel Clinton as the Lady of Ostend, made the most of their respective parts.

W. M. T.



TROOPERS ON BOARD THE "TINIAGEL CASTLE" SHARPENING THEIR SWORDS

ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT: PREPARING FOR ACTION

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

escorted by a small force to prevent capture by the enemy, and thus they form what are styled "convoys" in military parlance.

It is evident that the smaller a force is the easier it can maintain itself in the country it operates in, while the difficulty of procuring supplies will increase in the same ratio as the size of an army increases. The Germans, for instance, assume that a force of 35,000 men and 10,000 horses, operating in a moderately fertile country on a front of five miles and a depth of nine miles, will find only one day's subsistence in that district, and should the same force remain stationary for two days, the second day's supplies must be procured either from the adjoining districts or from the magazines established in rear of the army. Consequently, if the country is somewhat sterile, and if the continuous supply from magazines in rear cannot be relied upon with certainty, a general is compelled to spread his force over a considerable area to obtain the necessary subsistence, but then, instead of being in a position to concentrate his force rapidly either to strike or to parry a blow, he evidently lays

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERNY

WE are continually warned of the danger of buying "crazy books," that is volumes that may be almost worth their weight in gold as long as the madness to possess them continues, but in a year or two's time, when the fashion changes, may possibly hardly fetch the value of the paper they are printed on. This, however, hardly applies to rare editions of Thackeray or Dickens. Especially is this the case with regard to the last-named author, for we find all his choice editions continue to advance in price, and all relics of him, or connected with his life and work, show a marked increase in value as time goes on. A notable instance may be found in the sale the other day at Sotheby's of the Queen's book, "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," inscribed "To Charles Dickens, Esq., from Victoria Reg., Buckingham Palace. March 9, 1870," which Her Majesty herself placed in the hands of the recipient. Just six years ago I was present when this volume sold for thirty guineas, the other day I saw it knocked down at one hundred pounds. It is interesting to know that this choice memento, associated with the greatest and most popular monarch and the greatest and most popular novelist of our time, has passed into the possession of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, Q.C., Recorder of Maidstone, the sixth son of the author of "Pickwick."

It would be satisfactory to know what is a *bonâ fide* working man. This reflection arises from my having seen a placard at a railway station the other day headed "Caution," and stating that recently "A passenger was convicted of using a workman's ticket, he not being a *bonâ fide* working man, and was fined five shillings and costs." Now, as I do not know anything about the case alluded to, I do not propose to question the validity of the decision, but it occurred to me that this was a catastrophe that might happen to anyone. If I chanced to be up early enough and wished to travel by rail, I should most assuredly take a workman's ticket and travel by a workman's train. Till I had seen this terrible placard, I should most certainly have had no hesitation in so doing. Undoubtedly I am a working man, and work much harder than the proletariat for considerably less remuneration, but I am afraid I should run the risk if I used a working man's ticket of incurring the fine of five shillings and costs. Therefore I should be particularly grateful if the status of the *bonâ fide* working man could be clearly defined. Should he sport a flannel jacket and corduroy trousers, should his garments be spattered with whitewash, should he wear brick dust on his shoulders and fragments of mortar in his beard, should he

carry a basket of tools and smoke a short pipe? I am anxious to know all these things in order that I may comply with the regulations and not be interfered with the next time I wish to travel by a workman's train.

"As a general rule everything amateur is bad from fiddling to pie-crust." Who was it made this remark? I am not quite sure, but I think it was Albert Smith. Anyway it is notable for its truth. I do not know that I have had much experience of pie-crust, but I am painfully cognisant of the exquisite torture I have endured



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. BARTON, BIRMINGHAM

"ON THE WARPATH": THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF DAN LENO

at the hands of the amateur violinist. I have a vivid recollection of how I, along with a room full of fellow-sufferers, shuddered, and how enthusiastically we applauded when—and because—it was all over. If the amateur would only give his attention to craft instead of art he would be a useful member of society instead of an absolute nuisance. If, instead of painting, he would devote himself to mastering the intricacies of the gas meter, in the place of novel-

writing perfect himself in the mending of burst water pipes, or would endeavour to become a clever hanger of pictures rather than a bad musician, and a skillful, handy carpenter in the place of a fourth-rate stick of an actor. I remember once being at a party when suddenly the gas went out all over the house. Not the host nor the servants nor anyone else understood the mystery of the meter, and it was quite too late to send for workmen. A jovial physician who happened to be present asked if he might be allowed to diagnose the meter. He did so; he performed an operation upon it, and in a few minutes we had a brilliant light, and the entertainment proceeded merrily. I could not help thinking how fortunate it was that this good doctor had spent his spare time to the study of gas meters instead of becoming a bad actor or a fourth-rate novelist.

The idea of the "Nutshell Novel," which Mr. Kendal has recited so admirably on countless occasions in England and America, has been utilized as one of the *Truth* puzzles, under the title of "Condensed Novelettes." The result is no less than a series of contributions have been printed, and over a hundred others have been received. To people who complain about the number of unreadable and uninteresting novels flooding the booksellers' shops, and most people do complain most bitterly, a large collection of novels, reduced to a few lines, must be very welcome. When it is found that of these novels occupies but ten lines, it may be imagined what a saving of time and space might be accomplished if these tiny romances came popular. We might carry an extensive library in our coat pocket, and have all the new novels on post-cards. Novels, however, are not the form of literature that would gain by this compression: we are probably all of us acquainted with irrepressible and voluminous authors whom we should like to see subjected to this wholesale treatment.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.—For years Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have been in the first rank as producers of Christmas cards, topographical calendars, and fine art publications, and it is only necessary to say that this year they have more than kept up their reputation. First of all, mention must be made of "Father Tuck's Annual," which appeared last year for the first time. Full of stories and beautifully illustrated, the volume forms a most delightful book for children. There are many other books for children, which vary in price from one penny to half a crown. As usual, the firm offer a large assortment of cards—to suit all tastes and all pockets—calendars and booklets, and many attractive novelties.—From Messrs. A. R. Mowbray and Co. we have received a selection of cards with sacred subjects, which should please those who think that such cards are more truly Christmas cards than any others.—Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode issue a pretty calendar with coloured illustrations from "Alice in Wonderland."

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HOW WE LOST A BALL

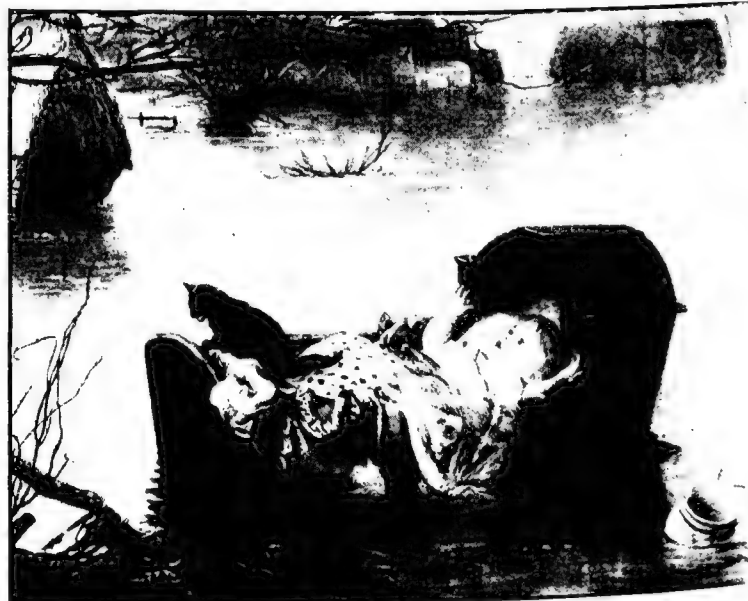
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The Late Dr. Camara Pestana

DR. CAMARA PESTANA, the head of the Bacteriological Institute of Lisbon, has fallen a victim to his zeal in combating the plague in Oporto, to the sincere regret of all who had ever come in any way in contact with him. While dissecting a plague patient (writes a Lisbon correspondent) some of the poisonous matter entered his finger nails, and his fate was sealed. For the last four months Professor Pestana has expended all his energy and every hour of his time in the minute study of the disease, not shrinking from any labour which might aid him to facilitate the labours of his friends and colleagues, and in some measure to mitigate the probabilities of the disease spreading to the rest of Europe. Two days after his return from the plague-stricken city of Oporto, the first symptoms of the disease appeared. He immediately ordered his own removal to the isolated ward of the hospital prepared for the reception of such cases, and himself gave the necessary instructions to prevent it from spreading. From that time to the day of his death the history of his illness is one uninterrupted record of self sacrifice. Every symptom which manifested itself was analysed and commented upon by the patient, and, when at last there appeared those signs which his experienced eye denounced as fatal, he gave all directions as to precautions to be taken, and requested that certain analyses should be made after death, and the result be sent to the Pasteur Institute in Paris, where he had himself studied. An hour or two before death he entered into a complete diagnosis of his own case, and gave minute instructions for his funeral, so as to ensure complete immunity from infection for others. He was only thirty-six years of age.



THE LATE DR. CAMARA PESTANA
Who died of the plague while fighting the disease at Oporto

FRENCH ARTISTS have been fearing that there would be no Salon next year, owing to the counter attractions of the Exhibition, and in fact that there was no building available. Only the fortunate few will find room in the Exhibition, so the younger generation of painters were in despair at losing all chance of showing their work at a time when so many people will be crowding to Paris. Happily the old Salon authorities have come to the rescue, and a big building is to be run up at Grenelle, on the site of the vanished slaughter-houses, ready for opening by April 1. The galleries will be bigger than those of the old Palais de l'Industrie.

The Royal Water-Colour Society

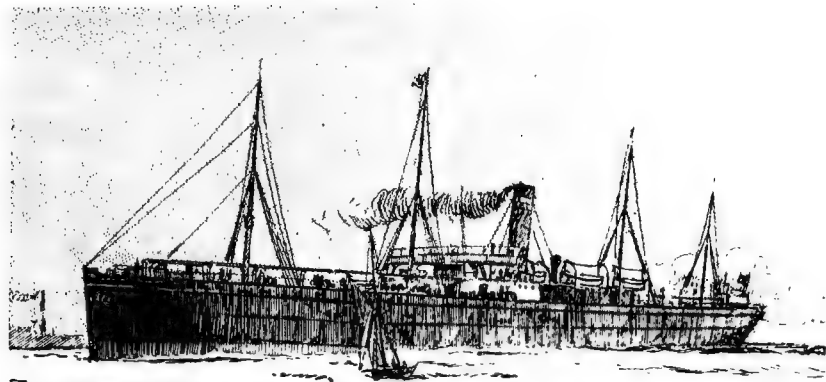
WHEN Thackeray was a young man and wrote art criticisms for the papers, he always regarded the subject from a broad point of view. Although to some extent a painter himself—at least in water-colours—he never teased the public with technical details, nor thought it absolutely necessary to inform artists exactly how their work might be better when he had occasion to condemn it as bad. But certain general principles he would lay down and insist upon, and to this day we may recognise the propriety of them, even though art criticism, it must be conceded, has to a great extent shifted the ground it once occupied. Sixty years ago, as near as may be, he was in this very gallery, and, looking round the walls hung with the works of Corbould, Cattermole, and young Tayler (as he was then), and others of their class, he lamented that many of the most skilful executants of the day failed to recognise the limitations of the beautiful medium in which they worked. They tried to adapt it to themes beyond its scope; they attempted subjects of a kind and on a scale best dealt with through the medium of oil-paint and hog-brush. "Why do not artists remember," he exclaimed, in effect, "that oil and water-colour has each its own field?—that while oil is an organ on which the greatest effects may be produced, water-colour is like the exquisite guitar—suggestive in tone and colour, but fitter as an accompanist of ideas than for solo performing in the grand style?"

In these latter years the soundness of this undoubted truth, here so felicitously expressed, has generally been acknowledged, although some exceptions unquestionably exist. Here, for example, in this thirty-eighth winter exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours we have a few drawings which almost seem to prove Thackeray's dictum a fallacy. Mr. Napier Hemy's sea studies are superb in their vigour and truth, and as finely drawn as they are real in their suggestion of water in movement: it is doubtful if oil, here distinctly challenged, could convey a more accurate impression than these remarkably powerful drawings. Hardly less successful in these qualities, while quite as fine on their own merits, are the works of Mr. Robert Allan, a painter who in the future is certain to command even higher public recognition than he has hitherto received. These men, with a few others, belong to a school that was not known when Thackeray wrote, although some may draw a comparison between certain works of Mr. Allan on the one hand, and those of, say, Bonington on the other.

More within the dainty tradition of water-colour are other leaders of the Society. Mr. Waterlow, its President, with a ruggedness of outlook unusual with him, exhibits in "The Wind-Swept Hill" a

drawing which seeks, in spite of grimness of subject and vigour of execution, no comparison with the stronger method. In "Autumn Day" Mr. David Murray, in similar fashion, keeps within bounds, and satisfies himself with a scholarly rendering of a paintable theme. Mr. Arthur Melville, who is a law unto himself (as well as unto a select number of youthful admirers), gives us another of his wonderful renderings of a bull-fight—"Bravo, Torero!"—in which blinding sunlight, palpitating atmosphere, and the violent touches of vivacious colour which give life and excitement to the scene, are suggested with such completeness, and with such audacity, that we are prevented from resenting its trick. All the same, we prefer, on classic grounds, his drawing of "Tobits Hill," quiet in aspect and admirably "felt" in tone. Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. Herbert Marshall have nothing new to tell us, perhaps, but each in his own way a fresh proof of his own special gift—the former of his imagination, and his colour, the latter of his delicate perception of atmospheric effect, especially in the landscape of towns. Following these come those antitheses, Mrs. Allingham and Mr. James Paterson; the first unsurpassable in her own rendering of the homely life of pastoral England, carried to the furthestmost pitch of execution, and the latter, admirable in the breadth of his view and handling, the freedom of his hand and the fineness and sobriety of his colour sense. This young artist from Roseneath is found to make a distinguished name, if he has not made it already; his "Yew Tree Avenue" marks a milestone on his career.

These are not all the most important points for remark in the present exhibition, but they will serve to accentuate the fact that while the art of water-colour, as traditionally practised in England, is well maintained in its historic hall, new men with newer methods are at hand to maintain its freshness, while others keep their eyes upon the past.



The Ismore was a steel four-masted steamer of 6,000 tons, built this year at Glasgow, and owned by Messrs. E. Bates and Sons, of Liverpool. She left Birkenhead on November 4, but was delayed for some days off the Welsh coast by bad weather. All went well until on Sunday morning she went ashore in thick weather in St. Helena Bay, on the west coast of Cape Colony, about 150 miles from Cape Town. She had on board the 63rd Battery Field Artillery, the "A" Squadron and one troop "B" Squad on 18th Hussars, and No. 9 Company Royal Army Medical Corps, in all about 500 men and 350 horses. All the men and twenty-five horses were saved before the steamer broke up.

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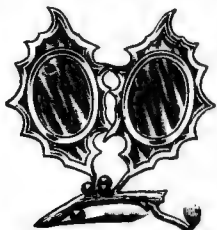
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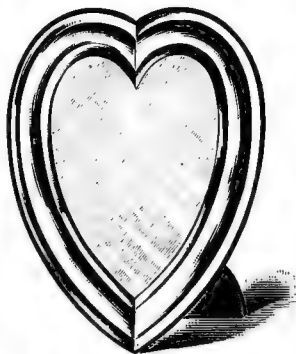
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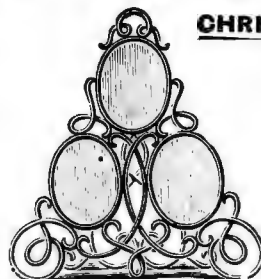
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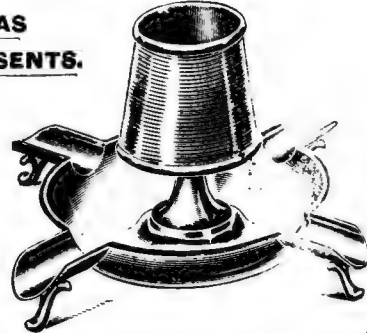
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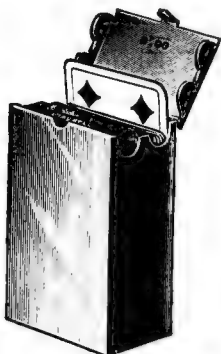
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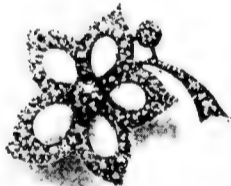
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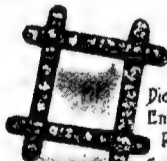
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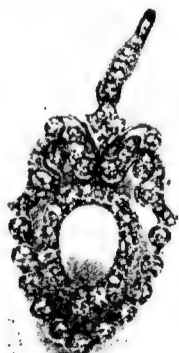
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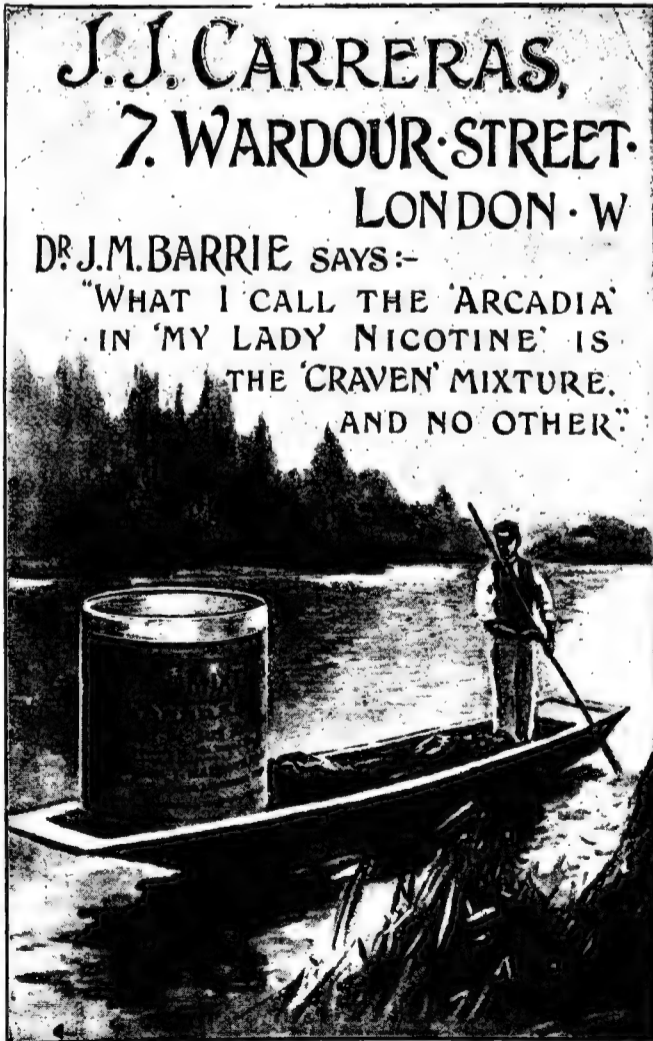
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Christmas Bookshelf

TWO BOOKS FOR BOYS

ONE of Mr. Henty's boys' books this year takes us to a little-known country, and deals with events which, though abundantly thrilling, have been strangely overlooked by writers of historical

fiction. "A Roving Commission" (Blackie and Son) tells the story of how Nathaniel Glover, midshipman first, though he soon rises in his profession, becomes involved in the Haytian revolution which, at the end of the last century, resulted in France losing one of her most valuable possessions. There are few chapters in history more thrilling than the story of this revolt, for your negro, when once out of hand, is a terrible foe; but Midshipman Glover does the unfortunate French colonists admirable service, and, of course, falls in love with a young and beautiful daughter of France, whose life he repeatedly saves. There is a good deal of fighting with pirates as well as with Haytians, and the hero does not escape scatheless through all his trials, but emerges at the finish a much scarred hero.—Mr. William Johnston's "Tom Graham, V.C." (T. Nelson and Sons) begins as a story of school life in a mining town; the hero being the son of the manager of a mine. Not much of a hero is he at the beginning when he forces a fight on to the good boy of the school, whom he wrongfully accuses of telling tales, but he is severely punished for his folly. The fight ends disastrously. Tom Graham's opponent falls, and striking his head against a rock is thought to be killed, but ultimately recovers, while Tom Graham himself, in an agony of remorse, runs away from home, and after many trials and troubles finds himself fighting Afghans under Lord (then Sir Frederick) Roberts. Needless to say he wins glory and renown, and when he returns to the old home from which he ran away in such depressing circumstances, it is as a hero whom everyone is delighted to welcome.

FAIRY-LORE

Amongst the lost arts of the present practical age, the gift of writing a good fairy tale must certainly be reckoned. Instead of inventing a new fairy story, writers have to go to the folk-lore for inspiration or borrow their material from the old romances, putting it in different guise, as E. Edwardson has done with "The Courteous Knight" (Nelson). Here the adaptor has dipped into Spenser and Sir Thomas Malory with good effect for several stories which he has arranged in simpler language for the young ones. R. Holt shows himself a clever artist in black and white in the accompanying drawings. Next the folk-lore has his turn in "The Talking Thrush" (Dent), a most delightful collection of folk-tales from India,

selected from the gleanings of Mr. Crocke when he was staying in the North-West Provinces. These tales have the advantage of being taken straight from the lips of the natives themselves, and Mr. W. H. Rouse adapts some of the best stories for children, providing a fascinating volume which will make the young one's mouths water for more. The illustrations by Mr. H. Robinson are as good and humorous as the text, and the book at the finish will be interesting to students.



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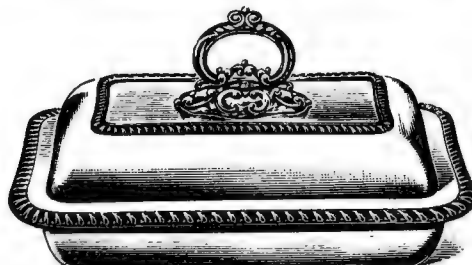
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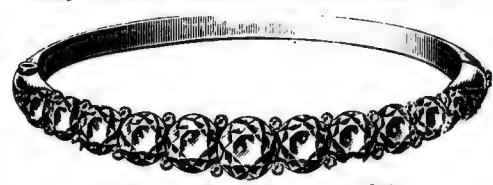
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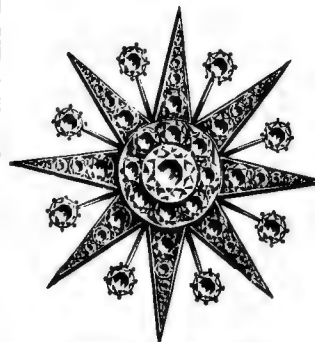
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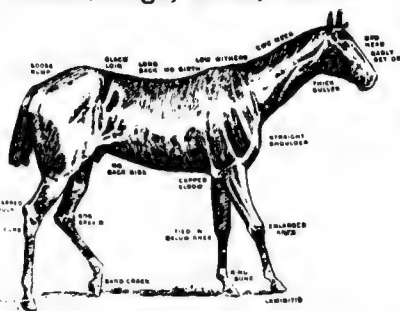
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The Queen's Vandycks*

It may be said without exaggeration that no more valuable work upon Vandyck has ever been issued than the beautiful folio now lying before us. There is, of course, no attempt to deal with the master with any sort of completeness; neither as a biography nor as a critical analysis can it compare with other works which have gone before. Its great import lies in this—that while it presents to us in a perfection never before attained the whole series of thirty pictures by the great Flemish master, it is the result of a closeness of examination which practically marks a new era in the science of criticism. This statement, which the reader may accept without hesitation, will be made clear a little further on; but a few words must first be said upon the nature of the publication itself.

Encouraged, even assisted, by the active interest of Her Majesty the Queen, Mr. Ernest Law—so well known as the historian of Hampton Court Palace, and the cataloguer and commentator of the thousand pictures which constitute its famous gallery—has set himself three distinct tasks. The first, to set before the public the magnificent series of Vandycks, reproduced in photogravure in a style unmatched in excellence and truth until Mr. Hanfstaengl produced the perfect negatives from which they have been wrought; the second, to present a commentary on each work dealing with every siller from the historical and social point of view, as well as tracing the pedigree and provenance of every canvas; the third, to

*"Vandyck's Pictures at Windsor Castle, Historically and Critically Described." By Ernest Law, B.A. With Plates in Photogravure. (George Bell and Sons, Franz Hanfstaengl, London, Munich, New York, 1899.)

consider each picture upon its merits in accordance with a scientific method of inquiry pursued in a coldly judicial spirit. The result is such as to win the warm approval of the connoisseur and collector, and to establish for this work an importance which, judged merely as a superb picture-book, it might not otherwise have possessed.

It is hardly necessary to say that the group of the Master's pictures owned by the Queen surpasses in virtue of quality and of number any other collection in the world; five-and-twenty of these are at Windsor Castle, that of "Mrs. Lemon" is at Hampton Court, and the rest hang in Buckingham Palace. The several portraits of Charles I., in various characters, and in various company, the groups of his children, the four beautiful presentations of his Queen Henrietta Maria, the famous picture of Venetia, Lady Digby; the Princess of Cante-Croix, Thomas Killigrew and Thomas Carew, and others, are of a quality so superb and, generally speaking, in condition so perfect, that they represent Vandyck at his finest period and at the highest of his attainment. The pains which have been taken with these illustrations are altogether unusual and—although we do not entirely agree with Mr. Law that the aid of the isochromatic lens necessarily ensures absolute accuracy of values in the half-tones—we cannot but be impressed with the care which has not only deserved but has achieved success. Every picture, we are told, was taken into a special structure in the courtyard of the Palace, and there photographed in full sunlight upon a stage so constructed that, turning on a pivot, it could be made to follow the sun. The result is as good, we imagine, as can ever be obtained, for not only has the camera revealed passages of pictures which have become invisible

to the human eye, but it displays unerringly the present condition of each painting. Meanwhile, Mr. Law, proceeding as a scientific expert, has closely scrutinised every work with magnifying glasses and dark lanterns, as well as in full sunlight by the aid of the camera, and in this manner has made discovery of signatures, dates, and inscriptions, hitherto unknown. Heretofore the significance of his work, for he has pushed the furthermost of expertise into the realm of science, and in the interest of the works of ancient masters will dare to pronounce upon any picture without adopting some such elaborate analysis and diagnosis. It is needless here to explain how Mr. Law has plunged into research, how he has consulted the Record Office and satisfied himself at first hand as to the identity of the chief critics who have gone before. The fact is that Mr. Law have shed new light into places now proved to have been only to the expert, or that the warmth of his enthusiasm has found echo only in the breast of the connoisseur. A clear, unbiassed writer, Mr. Law does not allow his scholarship to be dimmed by the brightest light; he is entertaining, amusing, and, in his description of sitters, and accurate and interesting record of each picture's history. He tells us, too, of the Vandyck lived, recounts the most interesting and even sensational chapters in the career of each of his sitters, rather the spirit than the dry parts of their lives, and would be almost impossible to find a more entertaining and scholarly monograph.

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"When you've left your plate quite clean,
"When you've finished smacking, smacking with
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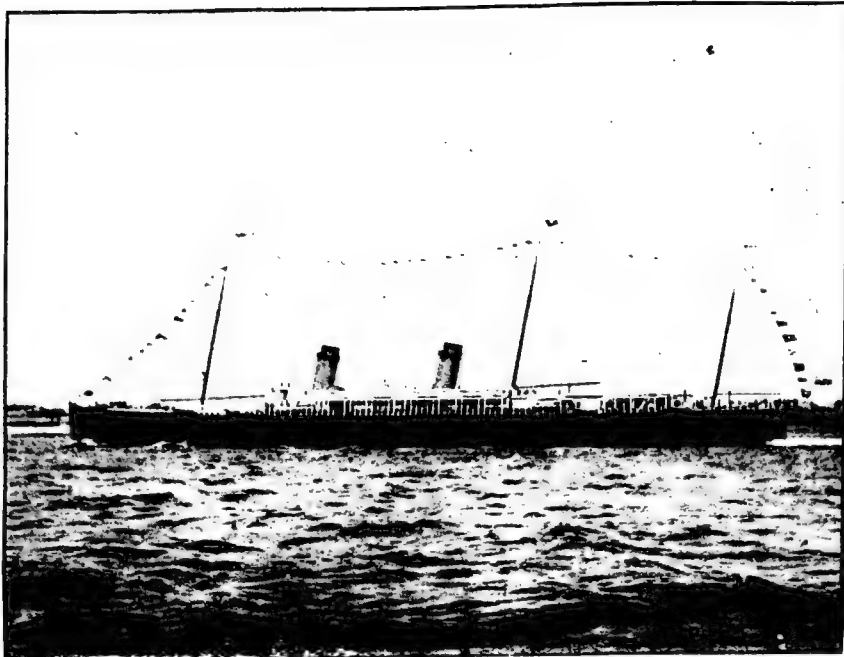
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New Novels

"RED POTTAGE"

THE noticeable inequality of Mary Cholmondeley's "Red Pottage" (Edward Arnold) is probably not far to seek. An important portion of the novel is occupied with the portraiture of the Rev. James Gresley and his aggravatingly and unjustifiably self-complacent family. All this is admirable, and reads, at least, as if it must needs be due to intimate experience. That the household contains one exception to its general character in the person of a woman of genius affords Miss Cholmondeley an opportunity, of which she has availed herself to the utmost, of showing what actual tragedy may be wrought by mere commonplace stupidity. What author—and who is not an author nowadays?—will not feel more pain of sympathy with the burning of poor Hester Gresley's manuscript, after its acceptance, than with the woes of nine lovers out of ten? In Miss Cholmondeley's hands, at any rate, the situation, with all its circumstances and results, is infinitely more pathetically interesting than the more ambitious side of the novel. This is the fulfilment of the title-page motto, "After the Red Pottage comes the exceedingly bitter cry." Hugh Scarlett, a young man of good enough instincts and principles, purchases the very small pleasure of a speedily wearisome *liaison* with his whole birthright of freedom and happiness—a lesson which might surely have been brought out without the unconvincing machinery of a duel in which the parties



The Admiralty have chartered the White Star Company's R.M.S. *Majestic* to convey troops to South Africa. She arrived at Liverpool on the 20th inst., when the Government took her over. The *Majestic*, being a vessel steaming over twenty knots, will be able to reach the Cape more rapidly than most of the transports. She was one of the first two steamships specially constructed under the Admiralty for employment as armed cruisers, and as such receives an annual subvention from the Government.

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decide by lot which shall commit suicide, and a far-reaching, all-calculating vengeance belong to another world than that thoroughly human world which the authoress really knows. Her sense is the tragic humour of things as they are, and for the sake of this element her novel cannot well be too highly praised.

"YOUNG APRIL"

The Duke of Rochester, thirty days of whose life comprise the entire action of Mr. Egerton Castle's "Young April" (Macmillan and Co.), came, one understands, a great nobleman, who is up to all the duties as well as the dignities of station. And yet, after all—

Life had given the man no more than this—an Army of a memory of folly and frolic of joy and of the joy which paid for it, a kiss from an angel and a starlit sky, and these relics—

To wit, four little twisted notes, and a ring which crumbled into powder as he laid his finger upon it. And that was all. In short, the work of a sane man's real life is supposed to have been compressed into the boyish escapade of a few weeks, which would have amused the man to remember as much as it will amuse the boy to share in his company. For certainly escapade was worth having, if only for the sake of making such acquaintances as that gallant and gallant gentleman, Count Netherly, the philosophic but childlike Spencer, and that whirlwind, Eva Visconti. An indescribable sense of favour is the one notable feature of the book, but it amounts to a charm.



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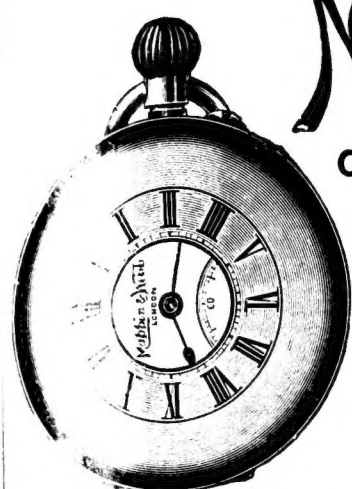
2 CHAMPAGNE, Veuve Laville, 1893.
2 CLARET, Ch. Castlenau, 1893.
2 PORT, Cockburn's Light Medium Dry.
2 SHERRY, Gonzalez' Light, Medium Sweet.
1 WHISKY (Scotch), "Trafalgar."
1 WHISKY (Irish), Perse's, 7 years old.
1 BRANDY, Otard's Fine Cognac, 1883.
1 GIN, Fine Unsweetened.

No. 5. 12 Bottles, 40/-

4 CHAMPAGNE, Veuve Laville, Ex. Quality, 1893.
2 CLARET, Château Clos Grand Meyre, 1893.
1 SHERRY, Gonzalez' Golden.
2 PORT, Hunt's Ruby.
1 WHISKY (Scotch), E. F. G. H. Mathies.
1 WHISKY (Irish), Perse's, 10 years old.
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE field mouse, which is working havoc in the wheat lands of Hungary, is not wholly unknown to our farmers, but it seldom does very great harm here. The wireworm is far more dreaded in Great Britain, and at the present moment has derived some encouragement from a very dry fortnight. The rook is a great enemy of the wireworm, but, unfortunately, this bird is quite omnivorous and eats the seed corn and the consumer of the seed corn with a fine impartiality. The insectivorous birds have been largely extirpated by our so-called sportsmen. The pastures are at present of a very good colour, and the mild weather has enabled farmers to keep their stock out late. The saving at a time when feeding stuffs are dear is by no means small. The majority of farmers this season seem to be grinding up all their feeding barley for use on the farm ;

certainly very little of it finds its way to any of the markets, which, on the other hand, are suffering from a plethora of the malting and brewing grades. The Smithfield show, which was opened on Monday, has been attracting a full gathering of farmers, butchers, and of the general public, but its waning value as an agricultural institution is seen in the falling off of entries in all the chief sections. The prize list exceeds 4,000*l.*, and the best animal in the yard may win 260*l.* ; it is not, therefore, from want of monetary inducement that the Club is losing ground. The causes seem to be attributable to dissensions over new rules which are to reduce the power of members, to dissatisfaction with the "in and out rulings" of judges, and to the growing distaste of the public for fat meat, even at Christmas. The judges are not individually to blame ; on the contrary the uncompromising honesty of their judgments is the indirect cause of trouble. The animals are wonderfully level in merit nowadays, and the judges who decide at one show have their decisions reversed at another without anything like a court of appeal being possible.

RENTS AND FARMING

When a serious political weekly assures us that there is a life in English agriculture even when wheat is at 18*s.* per quarter, we are puzzled for the moment to know what conclusion is to be drawn. A little further reading is sufficient to show what, we think, the hapless landowners would be inclined to call "the clock is striking" for it is a question, we learn, "of rents rather than prices." Is this really so? The usual *caveat* must, we fear, be entered. Most sufferings, as Byron said, "are comparative," and when the landowner has suffered a fall to a 2½ per cent. profit on his land, he will give up an investment which has its responsibilities for him, which is free from them. Consols will attract even the most conservative, railways will allure the man who will run a little risk for his 4 per cent., and gold mines will draw the adventurous who are prepared to take a wider chance. Those who assume that rents can be eliminated forget that property will bring in a certain moderate income in the form of the quietest of stocks. As regards the policy of driving capital away from the land we say nothing.



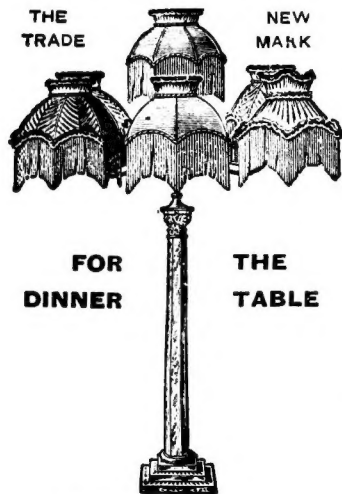
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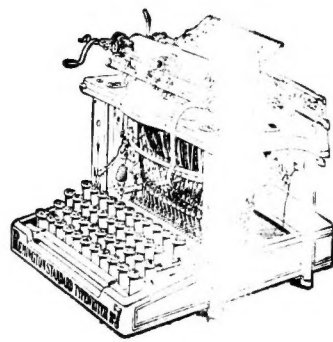
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